The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1678 MAR. 19, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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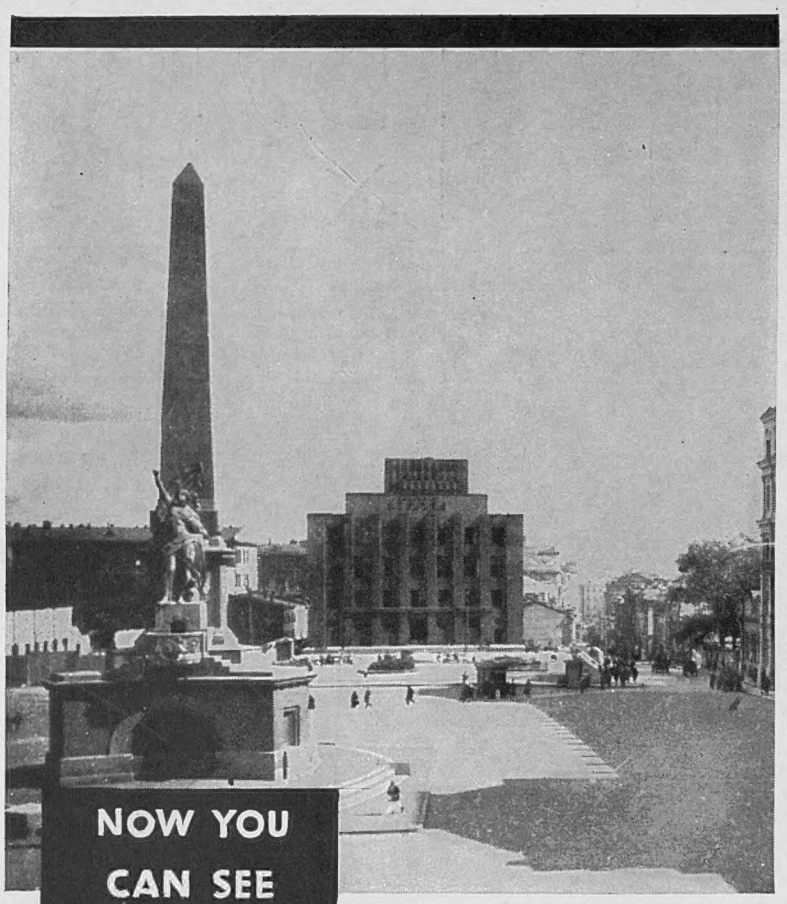

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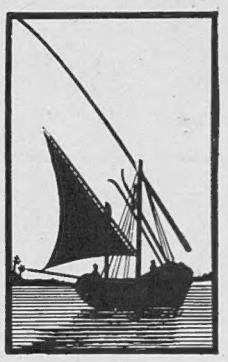

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THE SPHERE

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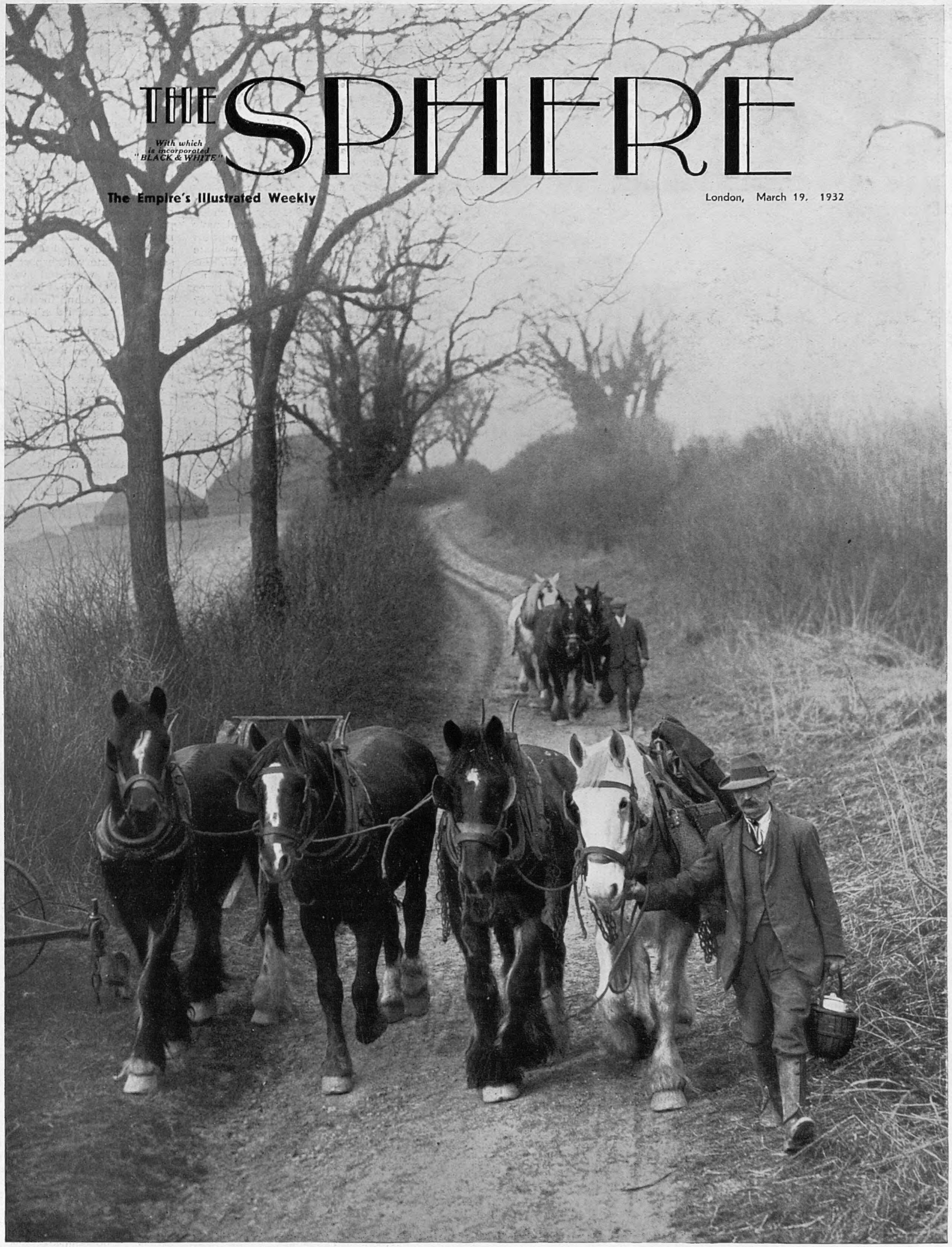
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 19, 1932



SPRING COMES TO THE BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE

Farm Teams Returning from a Day's Spring Sowing on the Wiltshire Hills near Ramsbury

All over the country Spring sowing is now in full swing. Spring oats and the root crops—swedes, turnips, mangolds, etc.—are going into the ground. The tariff laws have given a distinct impetus to British agriculture, and much land that has hitherto been under grass is now being cultivated. Despite the dry February this year has brought forth in contravention of its nickname, Filldyke, the farmers are not delaying their activities, for they work to a schedule and providing they can get on to the land, the work is done. Despite the prevalence of petrol-driven implements, scenes such as this—reminiscent of the age old cult of the land—are to be seen all over the country

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A London New

THE FAVOURITES IN THE BATTLE OF THE BLUES: The Cambridge crew at practice on the Thames. Despite the fact that Oxford "imported" the famous Cantab., Colonel Gibbon, to coach them, the Dark Blues, with the tale of defeats since 1923 behind them, still do not command the confidence of the public. Cambridge, on the other hand, are hailed as one of the finest crews the 'Varsity has as yet produced

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 16, 1932.

JOY DAYS IN IRELAND.—

A very small minority of a nation can produce "scenes of wild and widespread enthusiasm." And Dublin (that part of it which is vociferous) spent last week blessing the name of Valera. A study of history proves how easy and triumphant are those first few days of new régimes of the Valera kind. One has seen it in Spain, in Portugal, in France. The gaols are emptied, amnesties proclaimed, and all is rejoicing until the time comes to deliver the goods, those promises of equality and plenty for all which bring about such *coups d'état*. Just now Mr. Cosgrave's rule seems more than ever harsh and unconscionable in retrospect. His "Public Safety Act"—which was not imposed lightly or unprovoked—is to go, the Oath of Allegiance will doubtless follow it, and then Valera will stand in splendid isolation to redeem his promises and make two ends meet. It is not possible to feel much confidence in the continued progress of the Free State. When the tail begins to wag the dog, the majority of the nation will surely regret that sterner, sober, more dependable watch dog. Meanwhile, Valera will have his chance. None will wish him to fail, all acknowledge that he is patriotic according to his lights, and well informed on his favourite subjects and theories. But Ireland needs more than anything else to-day a strong hand, a constructive and practical policy, a cool head. It is no time for visionaries, theorists, demogogues and sentimentalists to be at the head of affairs in Dublin.

THE KING'S EASTER.—

The King is not easily moved by the warnings of doctors. They have never succeeded in persuading him to winter abroad. On the contrary, he chooses Sandringham at a season when the winds of Norfolk set the medical profession a-shivering in their shoes—and he thrives there. But the King has wisely decided to stay in London over Easter, and the good folks of Windsor and the royal entourage have the calendar to thank for it. It is not the cold or dampness of the castle—the castle is high above the mists, and heated to a temperature which many would find too much for them—which the King need fear. The removal of the Court to Windsor in March would merely mean a continuance of the London régime. In London in winter nowadays the King takes very little air and exercise; even his quarterdecking in the palace gardens is curtailed. When he goes to Windsor he likes a change of routine, and such a change is inadvisable until mid-April. And again, there is probably no finer place on earth than the castle from which to watch the first advances of Spring; the hedges whitening, the green leaves beginning to make a setting for the red brick of Eton, the plantations filling out in the Great Park, the river winding blue again amid newly verdant meadows. Mid-April is the time for Windsor.

DISARMAMENT BY FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. — The

Blue Water School must feel little of the general satisfaction at the handsome cuts in the fighting services estimates. Two years ago and more the most serious anxiety was expressed by naval authorities about the dangerous cheeseparing in the Senior Service. And this has gone steadily on ever since. The truth is, while delegates sit around a table discussing disarmament the nations of the world are willy nilly getting disarmed by force of economic circumstances. For a decade the United States have starved her navy, until it has become something far more dangerous than an effective force of a fifth of its paper size. The American citizen relies on its paper capacity. The man behind the gun, better informed, has his morale divided by five. A nation with a starved navy is well advised to shape its political action on a true and not a paper estimate of the sanctions it can enforce. These reflections have obviously been worrying those responsible for each of the three branches of our fighting service. They are naturally anxious that the nation should not expect too much nor clamour for further cuts without readjusting its ideas of what our armed forces are to-day fit to achieve.

SHAW AND SHAKESPEARE.—

It was rather hard on Sir Barry Jackson, whom Bernard Shaw delights to honour with his premières, that Boston should have stolen the wind with *Too True to Be Good*. An effort I believe was made to restrict the performance in Boston but without success. Malvern has launched of late several famous productions, such as *The Apple Cart* and *The Barretts*, and caters, with other than purely commercial considerations, for intelligent audiences and classic revivals and untried works. Everything points to a great opening next month at the new Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, whose now completed façade I shall tremble to contemplate from the further bank of Avon. The players who will form the solid basis of the casts are at present in Canada, and next week will be in the throes of rehearsal while on tour. The first plays selected for production are already settled and no better choice than Henry IV for the opening day could be made. Only, I am sorry that the Prince will come in for Part I in the afternoon instead of Part II which will be played in the evening. I daresay the Prince needs no conversion to Shakespeare, but if it were necessary, I should leave it with confidence to the rich humour and humanity of Falstaff and Co. in Part II Henry IV.

FARMER'S GLORY. — Mr.

A. G. Street is I believe a farmer in the Wilton area. If this should meet his eye, I shall be glad that he knows how much pleasure he has given me with his *Farmer's Glory*. I don't often rush into literary criticism, for I do not shine in that sphere and do not altogether approve the present day fashion of superlative praise for every book published. I have had more pleasure from reading *Farmer's Glory* than from the last dozen novels I have read. It comes apt, too, for it sets side by side (with a sandwich of tough Canadian meat) two faces of British farming—the pre-war and war aspect and the post-war aspect. Mr. Street is a yeoman farmer brought up in age-old farming traditions. He writes of what he knows and loves (and that ensures literary style) and he writes with candour, modesty, and humour, and throws the blame for the post-war débâcle in agriculture as much on the short-sightedness of his kind as on the cruelty of circumstance or the follies of government. The first phase of his Georgic—for such it is—makes your mouth water for the spacious days when your British farmer was *fortunatus sua si bona norit*. The last phase makes your eyes water. A refreshing book which I class with *Dream Island*. I would there were more such.

TO WIGHT BY AIR.—

In July 1910, on the Needles Golf Course, I foozled my tee shot at the 5th. It was not an isolated occurrence. I had done it before and have done it since. But that particular foozle was due to Mr. Robert Loraine, that fine and deep-voiced actor (we called him actor-airman then) who was taxi-ing towards me in an aeroplane, having accomplished the arduous ocean crossing from the mainland. And seeing him I said, "If ever there was a place in these islands which should have an airplane service to and from the mainland it is the Isle of Wight." And now twenty-two years after that event efforts are being made to link Portsmouth with Ryde by air. If the service is established, it will immensely increase the popularity of the Island among business men who find there nothing wanting in the amenity and charm of Wight save its dilatory transport services. I have often wondered why General Seely hasn't seen to it before. Perhaps he values the Island for its comparative seclusion. If so, I don't blame him.

PREMATURE. — A

gentleman who shall remain nameless so far as I am concerned, has had the audacity to report hearing a cuckoo cuck (but not 'oo) on the very confines of Greater London and on March 7. Now this (as John Brown said when Queen Victoria presented him with a gift made by the Royal fingers) is too much. It is a recognized feature in our social and journalistic life that the cuckoo's note should be first announced from the Somerset-Wiltshire area by a clergyman on March 29. And here is a nameless iconoclast, not in Holy Orders, living in a London suburb, butting in three weeks ahead of scheduled time. It is all a-piece with the present frenzy for records. And in Sussex at any rate it is still perfectly well known that the cuckoo is imprisoned all winter in Heathfield, and is only released on Heathfield Fair Day in April. It cuts no ice.

THE GRAND NATIONAL.—

The Grand National 1932 is a thing of the past. The jumping season is practically over; the flat racing season is on us. The hold which the National has in the public heart increases every year. But for the season at which it is run it would probably rival the Derby. Already, thanks to the cinema, it is probably seen in all its thrill by a larger proportion of the nation. Its popularity is understandable. Flat racing does not appeal to the general public solely as racing. Its appeal is in part social and in large part the gambling element. But steeplechasing has a purer appeal. The element of danger is real; it is 25 per cent. of the danger of war. The novice can understand the difficulties and aims of the riders. The sporting element is obvious also. The race has been won by the most unlikely-looking amateur, by sheer grit — the late Lord Manners, for example, who was frail and slight and looked more like an artist or a professor than a steeplechase rider. It needs no million-pound sweepstakes to make the National popular. But if you put down by law all betting and gambling of any kind, it would not be long before Epsom Downs became bare on Derby Day. Lord Powerscourt has announced that Ireland means by those sweepstakes to raise enough millions (12) to put her hospitals safe for ever from the need for charity.

TWO INTERNATIONAL EVENTS.—

Two events at the week-end had repercussions all over the civilized world, the German Presidential Election and the death of Ivar Kreuger. Both these events reflect a newly recognized fact in international relations. Financially and economically, the nations of civilization stand or fall together. Hindenburg's bare failure to secure a majority is to be deplored, but is not disastrous. It merely defers his re-election until April 10, when a simple majority will suffice. His great age remains a factor of continual political uncertainty. M. Kreuger's death is not less important and quite as significant. Time and again, since the War, unhappy occurrences have proved that in international finance "one-man shows" are a danger too great to be suffered. The ever-growing tale of instances is familiar to all. Lack of control and authority in the financial world of this country and many others suffers the rise to isolated power of men like Kreuger who carry a

sletter

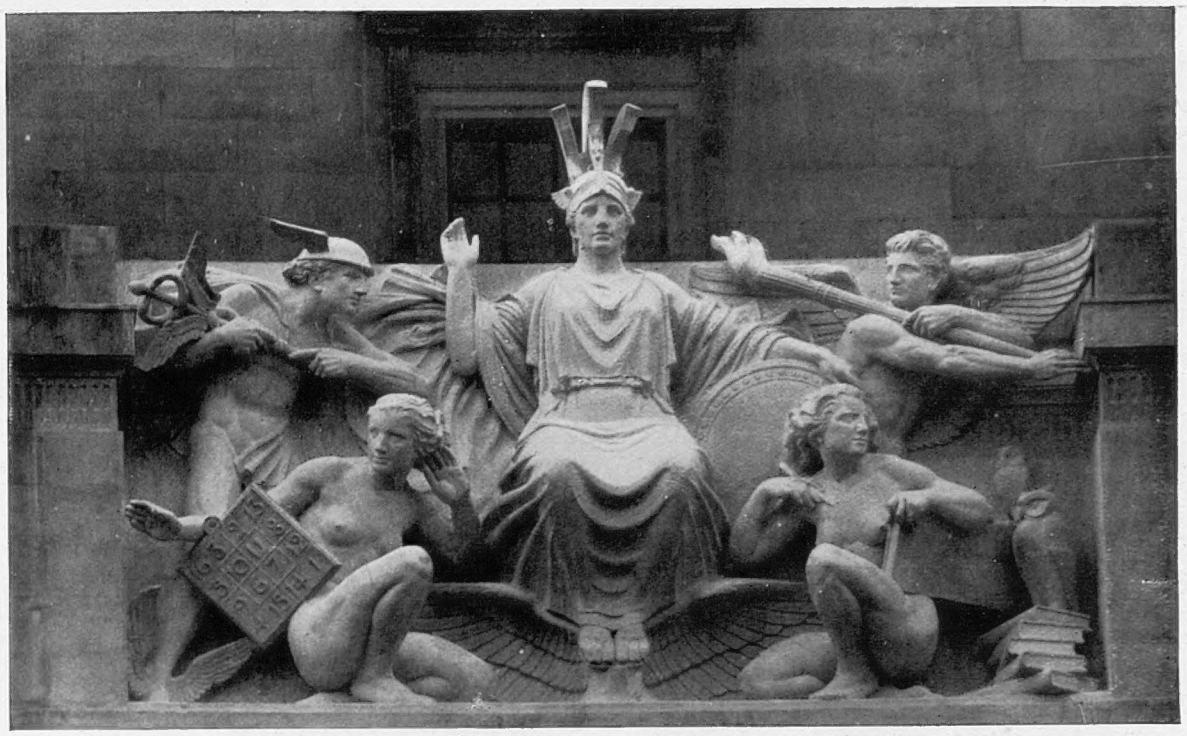
burden of responsibility and a weight of invaluable knowledge which no individual should bear alone. Kreuger was a bigger and stronger man than most of his unfortunate predecessors, but, had he been a superman, he should have been compelled to share his knowledge and responsibilities with others who could have carried on his work at once. His death sets back the clock of returning confidence.

MANCHESTER'S BLESSED CLIMATE.—The Duke of York's tour of the industrial areas of Lancashire was extraordinarily successful. As I said a week or so ago, the importance just now of such Royal visits of inspection has been underrated rather than exaggerated. The symbol of the Crown is the strongest link in the chain that binds the Empire (if you doubt it pay a visit to Canada), and it is a great force and inspiration in industrial Britain (even in those areas where Communism gains ground temporarily when unemployment figures soar). The Duke took south with him a great deal of new information and some stray sheaves of hope. It is interesting to collate the scraps of knowledge which one acquires by such tours and by conversing with experts on their own subjects, little bits of information which open up new trains of thought. Did you know that the everlasting rain of the Manchester area (at which all music-hall artists jibe) is the cause of Manchester's greatness? That you cannot spin yarn except in a damp area of just that type? That droughts are desperation for spinners; and that it is very doubtful whether climates less blest than Manchester (e.g. India, passim) could ever come out as serious spinning rivals to Lancashire?

And here is another little sidelight which came to me obliquely. The habit of buying butter from cask is so ingrained in the housewife that she cannot be tempted to a superior brand or an Empire product which is not shipped and displayed in barrel form. Danish butter comes over in casks, New Zealand in boxes. For boxes pack better than barrels and waste no space in holds. But transfer your New Zealand butter to a cask and mark it "New Zealand," and the housewife will instantly buy imperially. It is a point which, if proved, should be swiftly brought to the notice of New Zealand. These are just two instances of the sort of illuminating information you may pick up when you sympathetically study another man's job.

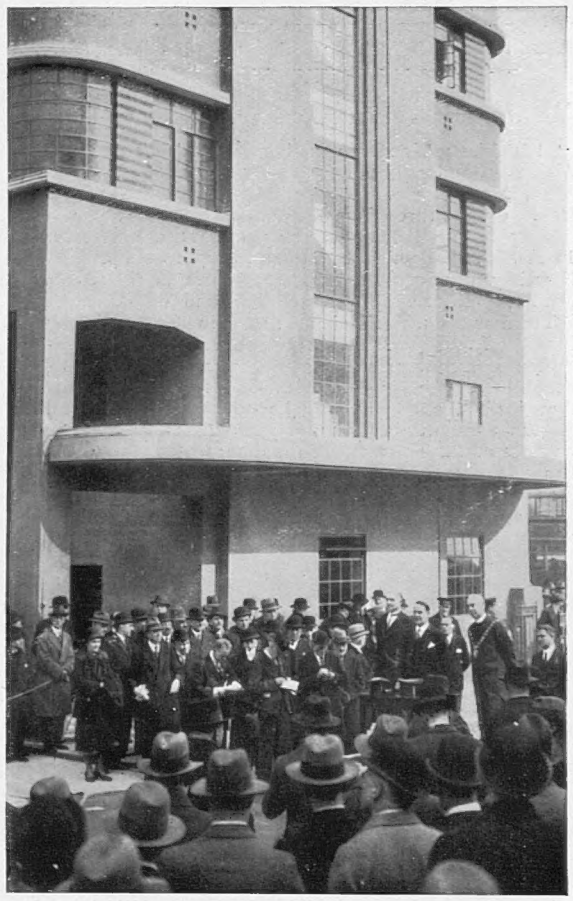
A CURE FOR THE BLUES.—The rival blues are on the tideway, the girls of Putney have selected their heroes, their sentimental hearts have finished melting for the sweet little coxswains (little realizing the astonishingly mature flow of language which these homunculi can employ in an emergency), and boat-race day has arrived. It matters not that Cambridge have won pretty easily every year since memory runs, and are like to win again. The race is valued to-day not so much as a boat race as a *signum veris*. The best cure for the blues is a hair of the dog—the Blues themselves. The boat-race heralds Spring, and Easter Monday tramples on its heels. Easter Monday means grey flannel trousers and mowing machines, and the disinterring of tennis racquets.

TOO MANY COOKS.—The fashion of finding a dozen godparents for one's baby is not new. It belonged always to the upper classes and was usually followed only in the case of a first or an "important" baby. It is especially followed where the parents are not of the same religion. Recently two examples of this multiple godparent fashion were given prominence. It seems even sillier to-day than it did forty years ago. The motive is hard to arrive at. Unless you mean to restrict your family to one, why exhaust all your resources in friends with the first child? If your motive is businesslike you spoil your child's hopes of fortune, for you create a Chatham-Strachan situation and every godparent thinks and hopes that one of the others will do the thing handsomely. If you are concerned with the child's religious welfare you are better advised to choose with care and with moderation. The fashion reminds me of one famous English family who had a fancy for multiple Christian names and turned out into the world of school a young hopeful whose initials were: E.D.W.A.R.D.T.H.E.T.H.I.R.D. P.T.T. He was the broth of a boy, spoilt by too many cooks. THE OLD STAGER.

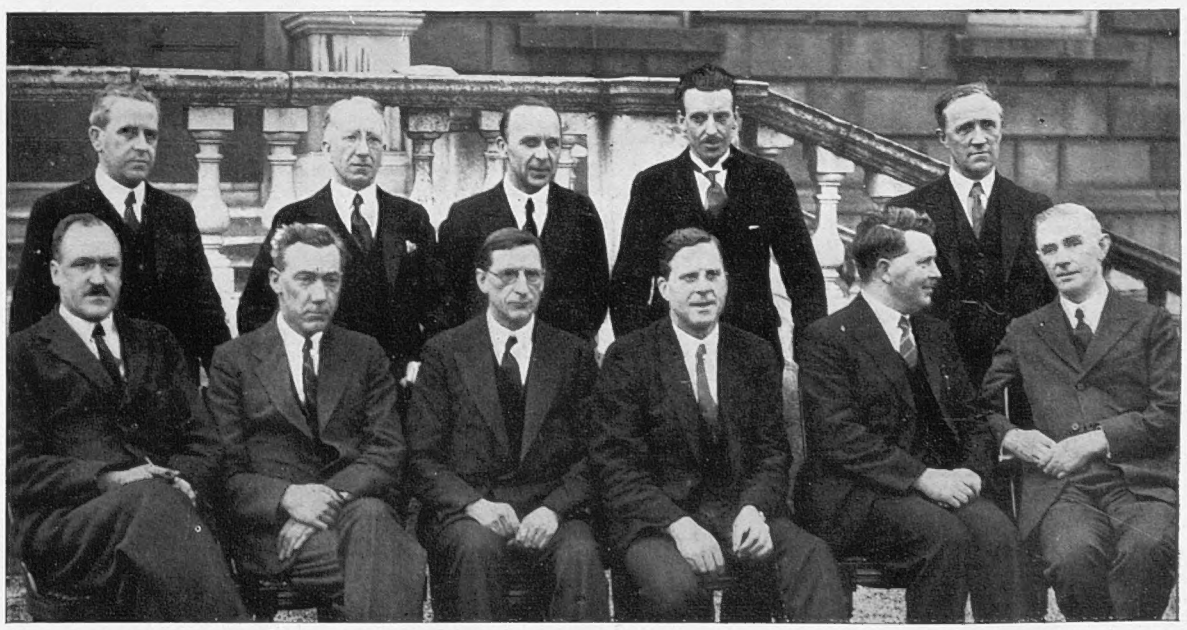


BEAUTY AT THE BANK: The group by Mr. Ernest Gillick, the distinguished sculptor, which embellishes the new Bank building designed by Sir Edward Cooper. The plaque in the corner presents the "magic square"—so called because if the figures be added horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, the sum comes to thirty-four; while if the expressions in each corner be added, or the expressions in the centre four spaces be added the same total is achieved

RESPITE: Two of the 800 children engaged in the semi-finals of the Dancing Festival at the Northern Polytechnic Hall, Holloway Road, enjoy a cup of tea. The competition is organized in aid of the N.I.B.



THE LONDON COASTAL COACH TERMINUS, a gigantic building at Victoria from which the great juggernauts that are monopolizing popular transport to-day, will go to the ends of the country, declared open by Mr. Pybus



THE FREE STATE CABINET: The board of government a de Valera subdued by responsibility has gathered together. *Seated:* Mr. F. Aiken (Defence), Mr. P. J. Ruttledge (Lands and Fisheries), President Eamon de Valera (External Affairs), Dr. James Ryan (Agriculture), Mr. Tom Derrig (Education), Mr. James Geoghegan, K.C. (Justice); *standing:* Mr. Sean McEntee (Finance), Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly (Local Government and Public Health), Senator J. Connelly (Posts and Telegraphs), Mr. Sean Lemass (Industry and Commerce), Mr. G. Boland (Fianna Fail Chief Whip)

DUBLIN'S DRUM OF

The Thrilling Scenes in with the Flashes of Hum Feeling of Wonder Whether

IN INTERNATIONAL DRESS: Girls at the Plaza, Dublin, empty bags of counterfoils into the drum

DUBLIN

At 10.15 on Monday morning Dublin's heart stood still, and so it will have remained until this afternoon, except for a few palpitations on St. Patrick's Day. On the three days of the draw it is no exaggeration to say that business was nearly at a standstill. The traffic was jammed. The pavements were packed. Newsboys in ragged clothes dashed through the streets yelling, "First stop press," "Second stop press," "Third stop press." The scene in Upper Abbey Street, off O'Connell Street (né Sackville Street) bankrupted description. There was a mass of jostling people—though why they massed there, and why they jostled, goodness only knows. They stood and gaped as the nurses and the journalists forged their way out of the Plaza where the draw was taking place. In point of fact, they would have heard the results, if that is what they were waiting for, far more quickly in St. Stephen's Green, and the other places where loud-speakers announced the results.

Inside the Plaza about 1,500 privileged people were hemmed in by messenger-boys, with their pill-box caps at more of an angle than usual, and hurrying to and fro with messages and telegrams, by two hundred journalists representing every nation in the world, by Free State police (big, upstanding fellows whose brothers and cousins regulate the side-walks of New York and Chicago), by dozens of girls in Napoleonic uniforms who had helped in the mixing, by scores of nurses in various uniforms from the fifty-one hospitals who were helping in the draw, by photographers who took pictures from every conceivable angle, and finally by the movie-cameramen who temporarily blocked the view for almost everyone.

You must imagine a kind of first-floor Palais de Danse to get to the background of the final scene. There are eighteen cream-coloured pillars, and a generally green and white *décor* for the great drum which all the genius of Mr. Aubrey Hammond could not prevent from looking like a green and white boiler, however futuristic the representation of the white and gold Pegasus hurdling white clouds against the light green sky. Immediately in front of the green and white boiler are six seats on which Irish nurses sit in profile to the photographers, and the rest of the public. On the left is a group of six men in mufti, and one in the Air Force blue uniform of the Irish Free State Army. This is General O'Duffy; the others are in charge of various calculating and duplicating machines.

In the immediate foreground is the chair of Mr. O'Sheehan, "the Director of publicity"—the man, in fact, who throughout the day is going to announce the names of the winners. He is . . . But I will speak of him later. Away to the right of the platform is a seventh nurse (probably a sister) who sits in front of an octagonal oblong glass box in which are white packages containing the names of the various runners. A man in a blue suit conscientiously or nervously twiddles this round with a long forefinger. Below the stage is a long table at which sit typists, linguists, auditors, checkers, and geographical experts. For the next hundred feet is a serried mass of reporters' desks, and then, finally, the crowd which has paid to come in.

Most of them are women. There they sit, with craned heads and stiff necks, while first of all Lord Powerscourt in a bright green tie, and then the Lord Mayor of Dublin in his gold chain of office and a black suit, and then Mr. O'Sheehan in another dark suit—but without a green tie—make speeches. Outside the whole world is waiting with its tongue hanging out of its mouth. Even the hard-boiled reporters are biting their lips and stroking their chins while they wait for the authorities to cut the cackle and come (literally) to the horses.

Over in London every evening newspaper office and agency is hanging on the line—waiting for the first names to come over so that they can be classified, printed, and rushed all over the world. But the big green and white boiler remains motionless—waiting for General O'Duffy to announce that the 1932 Sweepstake Draw on the Grand National is well and truly opened. At last he does it! By this time the stage has been cleared for action and, sitting in the tenth row of the newspaper representatives, I wonder whether any of the names that were uppermost in the final mixing two days before would come out on top. For I had watched the girls in their white ducks, blue sashes, green jerkins, and gold epaulettes, while they took handfuls of counterfoils from the trucks on the miniature railway installed for the purpose, and shovelled them into the artificial eighty-miles-an-hour-whirlwind mixing machines, and I had noted some of the topmost names.

Cheek by jowl with that of "Ali Baba" of Muswell Hill were the counterfoils of George Costouros of Buffalo, N.Y., and the 20 Club of Cambridge. In the same way the hopes of Charles Lancy of Toronto nestled alongside those of Browne of Manchester, Fotherington of Chichester, Zinn of Bloemfontein, Donnell of Yonkers, U.S., and Walkley of Leeds. Then the nurses interrupted my speculation by standing up. A sudden excited murmur which nearly amounted to a roar emerged from a curiously intent and coughless crowd. The great drum revolved. It was just as though you were at the Derby when the "off" was signalled. Then the drum stopped.

The nurses elegantly raised their hands as if to show there was nothing up their sleeve—which was quite unnecessary as their arms were bare—and held out the first series of counterfoils, which General O'Duffy gallantly accepted from their outstretched finger-tips. By this time the drum had stopped, but it soon revolved again, until finally twenty-two counterfoils had been extracted—the number of units into which the horses had been divided. Then Mr. O'Sheehan asserted himself. He used to be a staunch, not to say fanatical admirer of De Valera. And he has the same lean, spectacled appearance of that remarkable man. There he sat and announced the first of the fortunes to be read out that day. Occasionally his furrowed brow seemed to crinkle more than usual as he spelt out some quaint name. Altogether, he looked a distinctly Epstein-esque conception of a Recording Angel.

At first it was all rather exciting even though the first horse drawn was that comparatively hopeless outsider, Gibus. Whenever an Irish address was announced, there was a small burst of hand-clapping. Slowly the air grew heavier and more casino-like. Name after name was read out. Time after time the drum revolved. The crowds at the back were all cricking their necks, or rather their ears, listening to the lucky winners. And so it went on through the long day, with typewriters clattering, duplicating machines whirring, messenger boys hurrying to and fro, and journalists going off upstairs to have drinks in the special room set apart for them. For the imaginative person, however, the part soon became greater than the whole. That is to say, the series of romances became too much to focus or visualize. The mind stammered at the gigantic chuckles of fate as consecutive counterfoils spelt hope and happiness for Zulus and pawnbrokers, Americans and New Zealanders, bar-tenders and plough-boys.

It was too fantastic, as you sat there and heard and saw drama being unrolled and read out in front of you—the pathos, defiance, and comedy of some of the *noms de plume;* the fatalistic outlook of others; the wild tearing relief from anxiety which this spectacled, lean messenger of the fates, in the shape of O'Sheehan, was able to prophesy. It made one reflect whether it would not be possible to ape Mr. Thornton Wilder himself, and write an infinitely more exacting modern sequel or counterpart to the Bridge of San Luis Rey. Why had fate dealt out fortunes to "Thankful" of Welling in Kent; to "K. L." of Talawacelle in Ceylon; to "Mick" of Liverpool; to "Luck Will Turn" of Preston, Lancs.; to "Alfred Gyton" of Hull; to "The Wandering Jew" of Putney? What was the guiding influence of it all? Could one not write an epic novel on the whim, the fantasy, the wisdom, the omniscience of Providence? So it seemed to me anyway, as I sat in my hard seat in this Palais de Danse while more than two million pounds were being allocated by fate under my nose and in front of my eyes. For most people, I think, the immensity of the canvas proved overpowering. They were stultified, numbed, and finally bored. They felt that it was a drama without a plot. The truth of the matter was that they were attending a plot too great for any human dramatist to handle, because if anyone attempted it he would be laughed at by people who would point to the law of averages and accuse the author of an absurd weakness for coincidences.

The four senior instruments of fate, the men who are the brains behind the scene of the Irish Hospitals Sweep, are Lord Powerscourt, Joe Macgrath, Captain Spencer Freeman, and Dick Duggan. Lord Powerscourt, who is a typical good-looking Wingfield, is very tall and loose-limbed, with a keen wit and horn spectacles.

"I think," he told me over a glass of champagne in the big room behind the green and white boiler, "that within two years we will have endowed the Irish hospitals for ever. Already we are well ahead with the Derby Sweep. I cannot tell you how tumble-down the Irish hospitals were two years ago. By 1934, when the present Act permitting the draws to take place comes to an end, we will have been able to rebuild the whole fifty-one of them, and, moreover, endow them in perpetuity.

"In my opinion, however, there is a saturation point of ten million pounds a year to be got out of Sweep subscriptions, and it would be most unwise to have Hospital Sweeps in England. For the voluntary contributions in England run to twenty-five million pounds a year, and the heads of the hospitals would be risking the loss of half their income if they had Sweeps to take the place of the voluntary contributions. By the same token, Ireland not being a rich country, I doubt very much whether the Government in power two years hence will have the courage

THE *MISE-EN-SCÈNE* in the Plaza Ball-room when the all the nations loaded the drum

7,000,000 TICKETS travel in boxes on a miniature track round a central —a scene in the Plaza Ball-room, Dublin, where Mr. Charles Graves, draw for

DESTINY: The Gigantic Drama of the Irish Sweep

the Irish Capital when the Draw is in Progress together our and Pathos the Great Gamble Evokes and the Some Sentient Being does not Direct the Finger of Chance

By A Special Correspondent

to repeal the Act. It is true that some of the shopkeepers say that their takings are diminished by the money which goes to the buying of tickets. On the other hand, the Postmaster-General gets an extra £60,000 a year out of the postage stamps in connection with the Sweep; four thousand girls are employed all the year round at a decent wage; and a printing works is kept hard at it for twelve months in the year too. My church thinks I am rather a bad boy, but honestly I have quite a high moral code, and I can see nothing wrong with it. When Dick Duggan, the bookmaker, came to me in the beginning and guaranteed a first prize of £10,000 we were delighted. Look what it has grown to now."

Dick Duggan, the richest bookmaker in Ireland, is a small, extremely popular man with closely cropped white hair and a tanned face. He is supposed to be a millionaire. When he was a boy at school he never played marbles. He made a book on the others. He started in a very small way, but now he will take a bet of £10,000 to £1,000 without a qualm. He is said to be extraordinarily generous and will often lend five hundred pounds to a friend. But what particularly endears him to the Irish is that he frequently goes out with his satchel to tiny Point-to-Point meetings and is just as enthusiastic about taking ten shillings to two as he is with a bet running into thousands on a classic.

It was Dick Duggan who brought in Captain Freeman and Joe McGrath. Captain Freeman is credited with a salary of £10,000 a year for his expert organization. He was born in Wales, and then won a scholarship in South Africa. He is a slight man with piercing eyes, curly greying hair, and a very suave manner. He was most anxious that I should not refer to what I call the showmanship of the draw.

"We put the girls into pretty uniforms," he said, "because it made them more efficient in their work. They would not have been half so enthusiastic in their ordinary clothes. I have had thousands of letters from all over the world about the draw, and the one thing which everybody wanted, and which we have given them, is an absolute certainty of an absolutely equal chance for everybody wherever they bought their tickets. There is no chance of tickets getting stuck together or being jammed in partitions."

Joe McGrath is the living image of the late Michael Collins. He looks like a light heavy-weight in mufti, with his broad face, high cheek-bones, swift narrow brown eyes, and magnificent physique. He will be the first to admit that he was once a gunman. Then he became Labour adviser to the Shannon Scheme, where he had 5,000 men under him. I should not like to quarrel with Mr. McGrath.

A fifth man behind the scenes of the Sweep is Mr. Routledge, the lawyer. He was co-opted at the last minute for his legal advice. You see, he is a staunch De Valera-ite, and so his presence made the continuance of the Sweep safe—altogether a strange quintette.

auditors, assisted by girls dressed in garments representing with 7,000,000 counterfoils

'blower" into which they are fed by girls dressed in Napoleonic array the author of the accompanying article, watched the first stages of the "The Sphere"

And now for the two most interesting men in the whole of Dublin. You remember that thriller *No. 77 Park Lane?* Well, Room No 77 Shelbourne Hotel has been much more exciting all this week. For here sit Mr. Lyall Joyce and Mr. Jim Rice. They are the two men whose firms have the monopoly of buying shares in possible winning tickets. When I say that, I mean that their firms are the only two in the market. There was an abortive last minute attempt of a syndicate with a capital of five hundred pounds to form a pool of the drawers of a number of fancied horses, but nothing came of it. Mr. Joyce is a thick-set man with a small serjeant-major's moustache and thick-lensed glasses. I wonder whether he will make a profit out of his speculations on the Grand National? In the Manchester November Handicap in 1930 he paid £15,500 for shares in tickets of horses drawn in the Free State. Not one of these horses was placed. In last year's Grand National he paid £16,800 in the same way, and not one of the horses completed the course. On Monday he sent out eighty telegrams offering to buy a half share of a similar number of tickets. If all had been taken up he would have expended more than forty thousand pounds. Usually about forty or fifty per cent. of people do so.

"Sometimes they come and see me about ten times about a single ticket in my room here. Usually," he said, "they are accompanied by their solicitor or bank manager. They nearly always bring relatives also. On one occasion no fewer than eight people came and argued about the price they would take for half the ticket held by one of them. They fill up my sitting-room and my bedroom and stand in queues down the passage. Last time a man broke into my room waving his fists, shouting that the papers said that his horse was bound to be in the first three, and ordering me to buy a half share in it. I refused. However, he came back again, and finally I agreed to meet him at the Bank of Ireland next day. When he arrived he said that he wanted another hundred pounds for it. I told him where he could go to, as far as I was concerned, and the horse was not placed. The next day I went to the bank to pay £800 for an interest in Moon Toy. I handed over the money to the owner of the ticket, and as we came out there was a newspaper placard to say 'Moon Toy scratched.'"

Perhaps Mr. Joyce's funniest experience was when an Irish peasant came in to do a deal with him and was asked to produce his ticket. The man blushed and said that Mr. Joyce would have to leave the room in that event. To make quite sure that he would not lose it, his wife had sewn it firmly into the seat of his trousers. Mr. Joyce's telegrams go out every few minutes on the day the horses are drawn, and his telephone is kept ringing from 8 a.m. until midnight for the next three days. For he does not leave until the night before the race.

FINGERS OF FATE AND FORTUNE: Girls in Napoleonic dress mix the counterfoils before putting them in the drum

Mr. Rice also bought a half share in Moon Toy for £800, and was also caught in this way. He is the biggest bookmaker in Belfast and is also the biggest Irish boxing promoter—a kind of Ulster Jeff Dickson, so to speak, who hopes to stage two exhibition matches for Carnera in Dublin and Belfast in the near future. He is a slim man with curly hair, aged about forty.

"One of the most extraordinary things about the holders of tickets," he said, "is that they think that the fact that they have drawn a horse automatically increases its chances of winning. Sometimes they ask for the most fantastic sums for a half interest. But I explain to them that I go strictly according to the latest betting prices. The truth of the matter is that though I have sent out any number of telegrams, I am really interested only in about seven horses—*Grakle, Gregalach, Heartbreak Hill, Annandale, Vinicole,* and *Inverse*. The last named, I think, has a particularly good chance, except for the fact that the whole thing is a lottery. And only once in ten years does the best horse in the race win the Grand National."

I happen to know that Mr. Rice's lowest price for a half-share is £700, and that full shares he has bought run into thousands. Last time he was £2,000 down on his ticket-buying.

Every Sweep brings its own crop of good stories. Some people seem to think the Sweep organization is a huge entertainment bureau which provides generous rewards for anybody who buys a ticket, like the woman who wrote from England and said that she had bought a couple of tickets in the Sweep, and understood that this entitled her to come over and see the draw with all fares and hotel expenses paid, and special theatre tickets thrown in; or like the mate of a foreign ship lying at anchor in Dublin Bay, who requested tickets for the whole of his crew for the Fancy Dress Ball that was to take place after the Draw—somebody having told the poor man that his country having largely subscribed to the Sweep, it was the customary thing for the seamen of that country who happened to be in port to be given these special privileges.

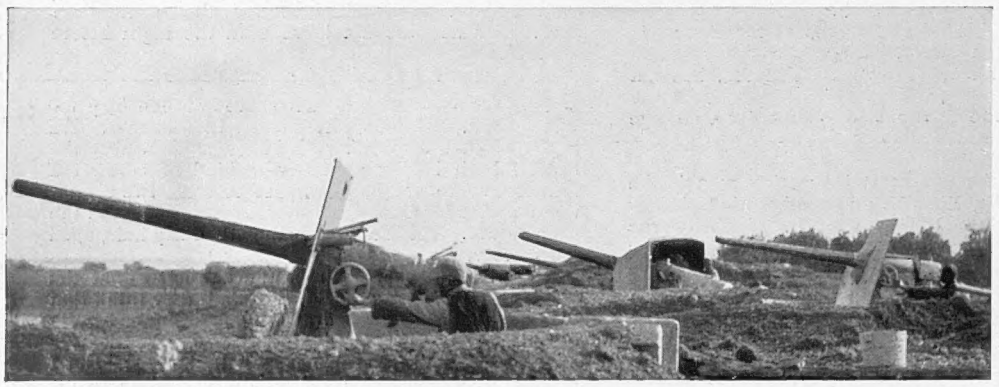
Another time an excited messenger arrived at the office one day with an unusual request. A counterfoil had been sent to the office from a man in South Africa, which counterfoil had been made out in the name of a certain woman. Could her name be erased, and the name of another substituted? A little judicious questioning elicited the tragi-comedy behind the request. The South African had made out the counterfoil in the name of the girl to whom he was engaged; but after mailing it, they quarrelled and he had been jilted. With up-to-date promptitude he had engaged himself to another girl; and it was the name of this new love that he wanted to substitute on the counterfoil. He had cabled his wish to the Dublin friend who called at the office. When it was pointed out that it would surely have been simpler and cheaper, in view of the cost of cabling, to have bought another ticket for the new sweetheart, the reply was very emphatic. It was not a question of saving money—but he was very determined that the girl who jilted him would have no chance of gaining a fortune at his expense.

(Continued on p. 460)

WORLD NEWS

PROTECTORS OF THE HELPLESS: German mounted police guide children home from a school at Zeblendorf, a suburb of Berlin, owing to expected trouble arising out of the election. The elections in Berlin, however, passed off with great outward calmness, with a very big majority for Hindenburg as far as the Prussian capital was concerned

MR. HOHENZOLLERN VOTES: Ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm leaves the polling station in Potsdam. The certainty of Hindenburg's election in April is practically absolute, and it is to be hoped that Hitler's threats of "other means" (to obtain power) will not be carried out



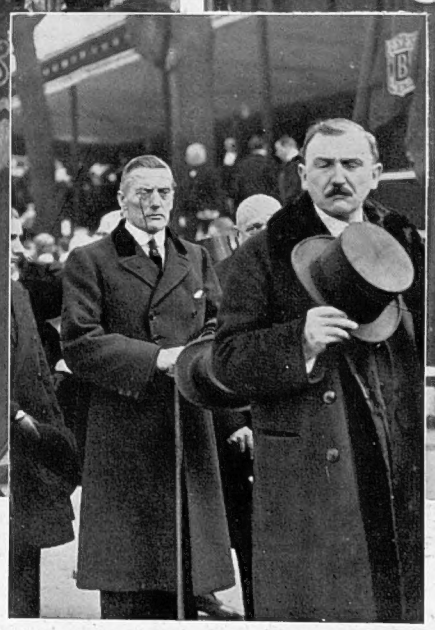
STILL BARKING DEFIANCE: A few of the eight big guns and fourteen smaller ones which comprised the defence of Woosung Fort. They escaped the Japanese fire and were still (when the picture was taken) in operation. *On right* is a typical refugee *paysanne* from Woosung

THE FORD FACTORY ASSAILED BY COMMUNISTS: The crowd advancing on the famous works in Dearborn, Michigan, when a violent demonstration was made against the Ford Works a few days ago. Three men were killed and several injured in the riot which was dispersed only by the gunfire of the police. Some 3,000 hunger-marchers stormed the factory—one of the most futile and inapposite gestures ever made by the Marxians, for Fords have been synonymous for years with an absolute equality of opportunity, unusually high wages, and a remarkable standard of living. The chief of the Ford police force, Mr. Harry Bennett, was one of the victims of the outbreak

The PASSING of ARISTIDE BRIAND

MILITARY HONOURS FOR THE PEACE-MAKER: The impressive spectacle at the Arc de Triomphe when the *cortège* of M. Aristide Briand went by. The feeling in France was comparable only to that which obtained during the Revolution when Mirabeau, the bridge between the old and the new régimes collapsed, and every item of news was greeted with the words: *"C'est bien, mais Mirabeau est mort"*

THE SPOKESMAN OF FRANCE: M. André Tardieu delivers the funeral oration in honour of Briand—a stroke of irony, for Tardieu is pre-eminently nationally, as Briand was pre-eminently internationally-minded. As a patriot and as a statesman, however, the premier's words came from the heart



THE CASKET EMERGES from Briand's residence in Avenue Kleber heavily draped in impressive black. *Inset on left*—"A PRIVATE FRIEND": Sir Austen Chamberlain followed the obsequies of the French apostle for peace purely in that capacity, Britain being represented by the Ambassador, Lord Tyrrell

The LATEST NEWS of the WEEK

THE LAST MEET of the Linton Beagles, held at Linton Park, the seat of Lord Cornwallis, the founder of the pack, was signalized by a presentation to him by the followers

NEWMARKET AWAKENS: A number of horses on the Heath—the G.H.Q. of the Turf—prepare for the opening of the Flat racing season. Two or three of the entrants at Lincoln are seen above sheltered in their striped blankets from the bitter chill of the recent cold snap

HOME FROM AMERICA: Miss Phyllis Dare, the distinguished actress aboard the *Berengaria*

LONDON'S LUCK IN THE DRAW caused many thousands of newspapers to be bought hour by hour. A large proportion of the prizes come to the metropolis as is only natural, considering how much money London invested

ROMANCE: The Earl of Warwick and his fiancée, Miss Margaret Whigham, arrive in London

SEEKING THE LINDBERGH BABY: State troopers combing the woods near Hopewell, N.J., whence the child was stolen

THE SCENE OF THE KIDNAPPING TRAGEDY: A general view of the Lindbergh home, Hopewell, New Jersey. The isolation of the house is very marked and contributed largely to the success of the bandits' enterprize

POSSIBLE CLUES sought from the ladder by means of which the Lindbergh baby was abstracted from the second floor

HORSES and HEADGEAR

"FULL OF HONOURS": *Will o' the Wisp*, a Welsh mountain pony stallion which won many prizes for his owner, Mr. Jenkins

THE SIR WALTER GILBEY HAT, adopted by all lady members of the Yorrocks Club, Thames Ditton. It was invented by the Vice-President, Mr. S. T. Wild

COWLED: *Caer Beris King Coal*, Major Thomas R. Ronald's Welsh mountain pony, arrives at the show well wrapped up

"WRAPPED" ATTENTION! Mr. G. Loraine Smith chats to Miss Joan Goodall at the Cambridge Point-to-Point—despite the untied strings of his jockey's cap

HIGH STEPPING: A restive stallion shows his furious paces in the judge's ring at the Hunters Improvement and Light Horse Breeding Society Show, held at the Agricultural Hall a short time ago

EVE AT THE PLOUGH: A rustic study of power and beauty from the Studley College, Warwick, where classes in all types of farm work are given

"SHOOTING" FOXES: Miss Daphne Salvesen, herself in hunting kit, films a meet of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire at Dundas Castle

HOBBY HORSE POLO: The innovation of the Equestrian Club, Ham, where a polo pit and a wooden horse are used, as in India, to teach the rudiments of the game

PASSED BY SIR WALTER GILBEY!: Master John Brodrick, grandson of the Dowager Lady Hastings, wears correct kit in the Row

CAN THE CONVICT BECO

THE CONVICTS OF SWITZERLAND move up the slopes with the coming of Spring to yield the lush lowland pastures to the cattle

I know a prison on an Alp, whose inmates tend the cattle,
Who sing and sing, to cow-bell's ring, and prattle, prattle, prattle.

This is not just inspiration; it corresponds to actuality in the form of the Swiss gaol of Witzwil than which institute surely none other raises more sharply a question of the hour, namely, when is a prison not a prison?

In matters penitentiary we appear to be moving towards something as yet incompletely defined, clean away from the slow cell-death of the human mind, maybe, yet whose future dosages of factory, improvement centre, physical culture establishment, haven of responsibility, remain for this audacious age to measure out. Meanwhile, Witzwil—or a good deal of it—has moved up an Alp; for it is Springtime in the canton of Vaud, and beef and veal must graze nobly on the lush, slanting heights.

In Autumn and Winter Witzwil carries on below, near the town. It is the child of its director, Dr. Kellerhols, who vies with Dona Victoria Kent in the matter of model prisons. But whereas the Spanish directress concentrates on such humanities as allowing imprisoned husbands one tête-à-tête a month with their wives, an hour's undisturbed, unpryed-upon communion, the good Herr Doktor is of the austere if yodelling kind. Frequently he goes yodelling at the head of as many as two hundred convicts, he and his small boy and none others, not a blessed warder, for hour after hour up hill and down dale, the famed Ausflug in all its glory. How much more tempting must escape be here than on bleak Dartmoor. Yet this governor hardly finds it necessary to muster his men at the end. He has implanted personal responsibility, and even, it seems, dignity. The pair comprising Ultimate Accomplishment striven after by all prison reformers.

These Swiss are no haphazard salad of foul and better. They have been segregated. Yet only the worst crimes are barred from their company. And motive goes for much. They are 500 strong and the nearest comparison to their lot that I can think of is the self-contained, hard, disciplined life of the Foreign Legion, minus its uproariousness, and set, not in the bleached desert but in tonic Switzerland. This convicted Swiss regiment builds its quarters and roads, drills, marches, has its elected seniors, does every single thing for itself from boring wells to patting butter, draws pay, has liberty hours, even sometimes leave, doesn't cost the State a centime (in fact is a substantial benefit to the Confederation), and I shall round off my parallel by asking you to remember that most of the Foreign Legion have been convicted, too. The prisoners have created a big agricultural enterprise, on irrigated marshland of produce of all kinds. Such warders as exist labour beside their charges and, particularly, there is no differentiation in attire. The men can talk at will, but at night each has to go to his own cell, in case he should forget, albeit that cell is situate in attractive surroundings, erected, as everything, by prison hands. A parting "shot" of Witzwil: a squad of convicts has come down to the station to see cattle on the train. No warders in attendance. The herding into trucks is done. The prisoners fall in again and march away in one direction, the train puffs off in the other, and none to cry "à nous la liberté!" and try and board it.

Brave new world! As crime gets worse, prisons are going to get better. Which may not be so foolish, though, as would at first appear the case.

A PRISON FOR WOMEN: A scene in the gaol of Marianoster in the Carpathians, run entirely by sisters of the Order of St. Vincent. 90 per cent of the convicts are murderesses and the nuns listen to every conversation on visiting days

THE GOVERNOR CALLS: The Governor of a French gaol inspects cell and convict

There doesn't seem to be a country in Europe which isn't lending attention at the present time to the régime and conduct of its prisons. It may be that the League's entry on the scene, in co-operation with the International Prison Commission at Berne, has stirred matters; but there were not lacking symptoms beforehand that public opinion had been hardening in several lands against a perpetuation of unrelieved punishment—amid degradation as the leit motif of a prison system. The peril is of going too far in the other direction, or, at any rate, too quickly. We are now faced with "houses of correction," "places of detention," "correctional labour camps," "preventive colonies," anything to get away from the horrid word "prison." Life tends to become difficult outside. We have to be careful lest these places inside tend towards monastical nooks, a sojourn in any one of which—and future transgressors may be able to devine their exact nook in advance if idealism be permitted full expression, so cut-and-dried would it all be, this place for that crime, this work, this education, as, of course, self-immolating ones could more or less determine length of sojourn by the nature of the transgression they elect to commit—a sojourn in any one of which sheltered corners, I say, might easily come to attract as a haven in times of stress. With old lags, this is not unknown now.

Poland banks steeply on religion. The contrast with over-the-Pinsk-marshes is almost that of Torquemada and Christian Science. Enforced prayers are laid down for prisoners, and if they don't respond properly they're for it. Religious instruction dominates. Convicts are encouraged to people their cells with holy images and prints, and if they want to "keep in," holy books from the library should be their pious request. Prison directors decide, on the merits of individual cases, if prisoners are kept alone, allowed cards, draughts, dominoes, permitted to smoke, to buy or read specially, wear civilian clothes, receive visits and extra correspondence. Polish prisons as at present constituted were referred to in my hearing, as "stepping stones to Mt. Athos." Which is all very curious on Marshal Pilsudski's part. One cannot help thinking that if he stopped treating political prisoners as he does and decelerated on the devoutness, he might be nearer Christian ethics.

Prussia—all Germany—has abolished corporal punishment, instruments of restraint, and confinement in dark cells. The Reich's general notion is "the progressive system." This has five graduations: cell, workshop, wage-earning (6d. a day), permission to go out, free to pay family visits of three or four days. As is not to be wondered at, the Germans are immersed in an aspect of prison life I need not enlarge upon here. The most discomforting film I ever saw bore on this subject; the library windows of Berlin are packed with it. It is adjacent to a national obsession, and a nauseating one. It is fully set forth in *Wir Züchhauser*, which I have just discarded with a thud.

A pleasanter feature bearing on German prison life is the effort to make the convict's physical surroundings stimulating. Birds, flowers, pictures are encouraged, and a maximum of light is captured, while the wireless after 6 p.m. is now the rule. This listening-in from cells has, it is said, achieved notable mending results. The prisoners yearn for the "Achtung! Achtung!", and a cough is a heinous offence subsequently while the whole corridors are kept au fait with the outer world, interested, taught. But no laughter-making.

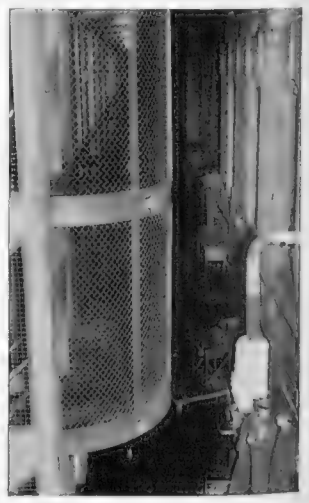
All short-term prison sentences are soon to be stopped in Germany, fines being substituted.

Italy is to-day in the van of reasoned prison experiment, though this may provoke mirth from Mancurian guardians, boiling at thought of the islands of confine. Turning to general offenders, not against the régime, the Mussolinian idea hinges on penalties based on the delinquent's guilt, and on preventive measures reposing on his danger to society. The first aims at punishment, the second at re-education or treatment. Otherwise put, there are prisoners in prisons proper, and there are persons confined in preventive establishments from which leave may be granted either as reward for urgent private affairs, moral or material. Fundamental principles are: exit personal degradation ("no longer necessary to instil fear"), and, in determining the means to the utilitarian end, it must never be lost sight of that a penalty must always be a punishment. Solitary confinement is said to be abolished; individual cells are retained. Dormitories have worked out badly.

For prisoners under eighteen, establishments are not like prisons at all. Over that age, in the "mending" prisons, the order of the day is work, instruction, religious practices, the use of reading and study rooms, and libraries and educative films.

A CONVICT CASTLE IN SPAIN: One of the galleries of the Modelo prison in which Zamora was incarcerated before rising to his present eminence under the Revolution

"HUMANIZING" THE month the prison is turned in



CAGES FOR HUMAN BEASTS in a gaol at Columbus, Ohio, where laxity and brutality are mingled

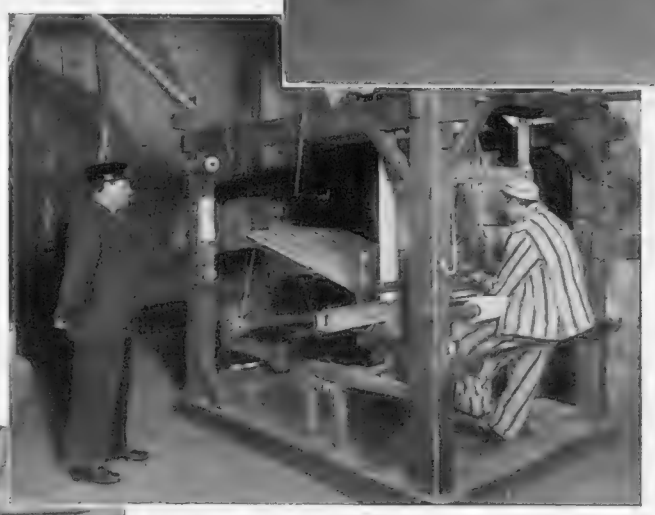
ME A CITIZEN?

A Record of the Many Sociological Experiments in Penitentiary Institutes that the Modern Spirit has Inaugurated

By FERDINAND TUOHY

All forms of entertainment or distraction of a gay character are, however, barred. All who have not completed their primary education beforehand must do so in prison. A feature is made of establishments to which prisoners gravitate for preparation in taking up a free life again. Chains and corporal punishment are no more. Shooting in the back for the worst murderer was latterly introduced, and with a breath-taking sequel. The very first man Rome said must die—though the King said he might live—was on the point of taking his last stroll on earth, when a frantic telephone message arrived to say someone else had confessed with full corroboration. Prisoners have the right of appeal against prison administration to the judge who sentenced them. In principle, judges must watch over the application of their sentences. The governing notion is incessant work, which is paid for. Convicts are put on public works when nothing else offers. They may not purchase extras save with money earned. They are carefully sorted in categories according to character, origin, ability, even temperament. The practice of lumping all together, young and old, sensitive and loutish, fair and foul, has given way to a well-defined segregation of types.

WHERE THE SISTERS OF GOD GUARD THE DAUGHTERS OF CAIN: The prison library in Marianoster Gaol in the Carpathians



FRANCE IS UNDER THE SHADOW OF CAYENNE in her penitentiary methods, but the lack of hygiene does not operate so adversely upon the convicts as it would in other countries owing to the low standard *outside* the prisons

A CURATIVE CONVICT SETTLEMENT IN BERLIN: The woman Governor of the Barminerstrasse Gaol addresses five good conduct prisoners who have the amenities of good food and wireless

PRISONERS: Once a yard in Valencia Gaol to a circus

And what shall one say of *Big House?* The best description to come my way is, "a mixture of firearms and familiarity." At Sing Sing or Leavenworth or Joliet a convict is one moment greeting his keeper with a breezy "'morning, Bill," and the next minute he is being tear-gassed. Too many laws in the U.S.A., too heavy sentences, have mass-produced convicts, overcrowding gaols where there's not enough work to go round, immorality resulting, and the position being worsened by so many governors being political appointees and duds. The American system consists alternately of beating a prisoner up and allowing him to play football and have the radio in his sleeping chamber. America offers at once the most advanced (Boston Juvenile Court) and the worst things. For at Boston, also, there is a woman's prison-de-luxe with roof garden and reception rooms, and whose "cells" are hotel bedrooms with running water; where personal attention is made a feature, quarters are decorated according to conduct; where there's a gymnasium and a swimming pool and charming causeries to break any occasional monotony.

THE BIG HOUSE: The cells in Sing Sing are equipped with headphones. Loud-speakers are also installed

I was once in a very different women's prison — at Rennes. There, promiscuity, filth, annihilating silence, brutish looks predominated. I shall always remember the dispensary was in charge of a woman poisoner. The women made lingerie at a franc or two a day which went on chocolate or into a "dot" for departure time. Some of the worst cases left with several thousand francs. The prison shops are to be found all over France, clearly labelled. Once the women at Rennes nearly tore a warder to pieces; now only sisters of charity are employed. The worst French women's prison, St. Lazare, has been recently closed.

A French prisoner takes 70 per cent. of the fruit of his labour. Hygiene in French prisons is known to be still pretty dreadful whatever may be officially reported to Berne or Geneva. Yet in this connection an essential point to bear in mind is that inside life corresponds to outside conditions—tantamount to saying that the French are not hygienic, anyway. What you've never had you never miss. This matter of the inside corresponding to the outside also explains something of the recent Dartmoor trouble. Prisoners are now used to a higher grade of living before they enter prison.

While on the subject of France, Cayenne obtrudes. *The Times* says it's got better, especially since the coming of the Salvation Army. They've just stopped "doublage," by which a convict had to stop on in the colony as a free man as many years as he had served in captivity. The second period was worse than the first, meaning languishing in the gutter. Very definite views are held in International quarters regarding transportation which is held to be a survival of the barbarous, fearfully retrograde, no particle of a solution. "Prisoners and warders alike tend to become brutalized by the unnatural conditions of a settlement out of contact with the normal world, beyond the reach of humanizing influences, or of visits or education."

We chucked it over a century ago, and now the Andamans are on the list. Well, the way things are veering, I'm not so sure we've heard the last of shipping certain category prisoners overseas. Given the place and modern preparation, I can see few fairer possibilities of "elimination to farming colonies" than here offered. It was one thing to send men brutishly to climatic hells and isolation. There are ways and means round that, given the proper attitude and creative intent. Nor, I confess, do I share the Howard League's parallel horror of corporal punishment. A British military administrator in Trans-Caucasia in 1919 was telling me to-day that he once ordered several floggings for beastly shattering offences, and that the budding local Bolshies of those days came to him shocked. These gentry will shoot you through the back of the skull for carelessness in a factory, but they will display anguish of mind at the prospect of a child-ravisher being flogged. I fail to see it. Still, these personal opinions are deplorable for their encroachment on a fast-waning space.

At Singeshut, in Sweden, there is a happy land of no cells, no warders, and prisoners on parole. Parole is growing. In Nevada it is a speciality, and recently one read of a prisoner "hitting it up" in Chicago for four days prior to motoring back to gaol, considerably approved of. The Spanish prison directress—whose great-grandfather, by the way, was a British officer at Bilbao in 1808—also likes parole and introduced a scheme for from four to six days' freedom intermittently. In addition to smiling on connubial occasions in prison itself, this lady was further preparing to extend the anti-abstinence régime to detained bachelors when an unenlightened public opinion intervened. Dona Kent's "kindness to convicts" régime has been a ghastly failure. She gave them newspapers, with the result that they flamed up like the women fiends of Badajoz; unruliness, impudence, defiance; she put well-noted women prisoners as supervisors over them and all was jealous chaos and broken heads; she moved herself among her charges and she had to stop that, too. In the women's prisons she dispensed with the Carita sisterhood, and the worldly wardresses introduced in their stead were not long in promoting pandemonium.

In England, it is asked, "just what we are trying to do in our prisons?" And answer comes back, "Prison reforms aim at a greater activity of body and mind, not at making prison kushi. Education and the imparting of a means to livelihood are corner-stones. Responsibility and personal dignity are to be aided on by progressive rewards: smoking, talking, pictures, visits, lectures, entertainments. Rehabilitation of the social failure by feeding the mind—such is the big idea. Sense, not sentiment." And one hears that opinion is dead against further "pollution of the nation by continually discharging into its midst a stream of uncured and incurables. Why not indefinite sentences, even euthanasia, in worst-of-all cases?"

Other points are:—

Youth is the critical time. Let us get at the pre-disposing causes to crime.
The cynicism bred of adolescent unemployment is grave. "Give every boy and girl a fair chance."
Prisoners must no longer be treated all alike. There should be (*a*) petty delinquents, (*b*) major offenders, (*c*) habitual major offenders, vicious beyond reclamation, (*d*) new gangster type, reflection of outside conditions immeasurably altered since 1895, last haul-over of our prison system.
Longer sentences in tolerable conditions.

(Continued on p. 460)

RUMANIAN CONVICTS in the prison of Mislea, where the wardresses are all nuns

VANISHING LONDON

A New Survey of its Ancient Buildings

FOOTAGE OF THE FRONTAGE: Surveyors, instructed by the London Survey Committee, measure eighteenth-century houses in Church Row, Hampstead

A RELIC OF LAMBETH: The demolition of the old Bethlem Hospital in Lambeth Road, moved to Eden Park, Beckenham, proceeds apace

A RELIC OF THE PAST: Two interior views of the old type of merchants' house in the city. This stands in Great Tower Street and is almost the only example still extant. The London Survey Committee is endeavouring to preserve such architectural glories from undesirable commercial encroachment

"BEDLAM": The old slang name for Bethlem Hospital is singularly apposite to it now its building in Lambeth is being demolished and it has gone to Beckenham

Special "Sphere" pictures

TO BE PRESERVED, IF POSSIBLE: Two views of the eighteenth-century buildings in Church Row, Hampstead, to save which from demolition the efforts of the London Survey Committee are now being bent

There are nearly 400 fine old houses in London, dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which in the course of commercial development will be threatened with destruction. Of course, they cannot all be saved, but at least something can be done to preserve an historical and pictorial record of these interesting buildings. That is a task now being undertaken by the London Survey Committee, which has been keeping an eagle eye on old London landmarks for nearly forty years. Practically all the great merchants' houses in the City of London have passed away. Almost the sole example is one that stands in Great Tower Street seen above.

Two large-scale maps, about seven feet square, will be made—one showing the existing haphazard jumble of buildings in the County Council area, and the other embodying suggestions as to the new lay-out, the height of buildings and the methods of preserving historic areas from undesirable encroachments.

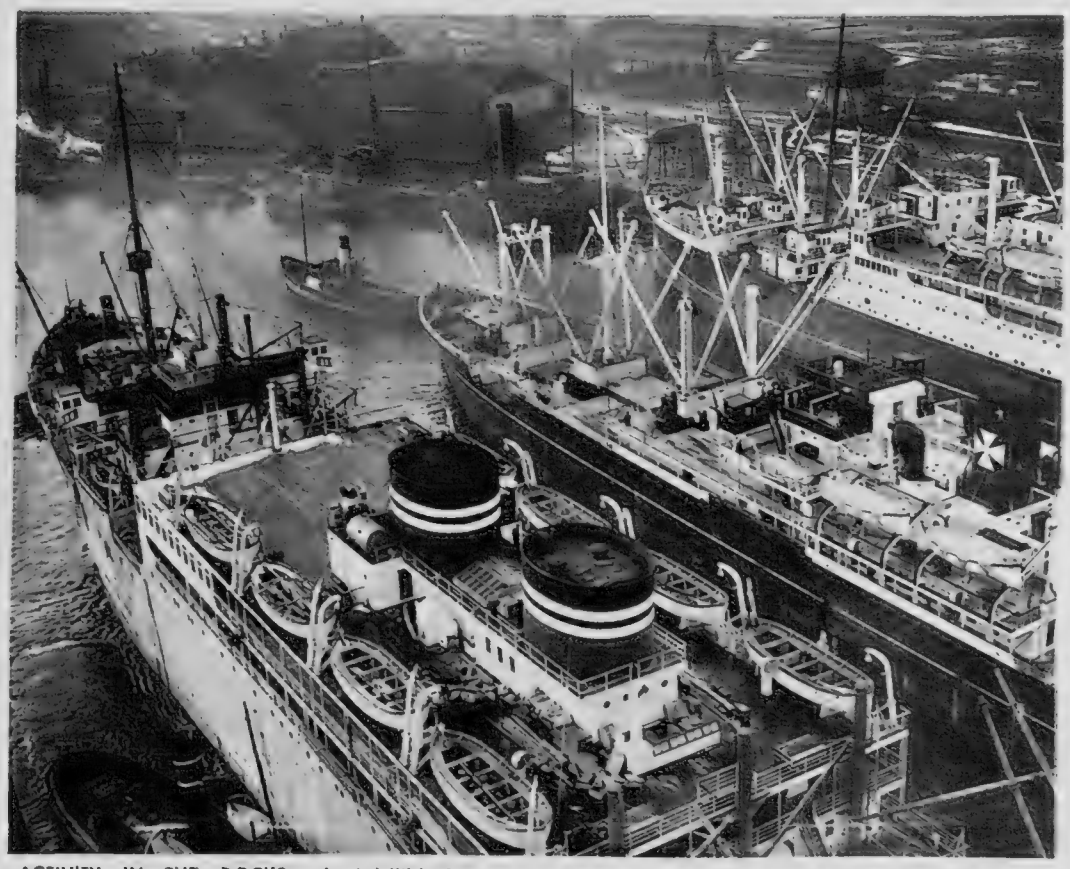
A HOLE IN THE THAMES

THE HOLE IN THE THAMES beneath Tower Bridge, caused by currents, is being filled by the dumping of ballast lest the bridge foundations be endangered

THE FLYING SQUAD OF THE CUSTOMS SERVICE: A great tightening up of excise activities has marked the coming into force of our new tariff laws

THE STAMP OF AUTHORITY: A Waterguard officer seals a ship's dutiable stores. Every ship that comes up the Thames must be boarded and searched from stem to stern. The quarters of the crew are carefully inspected, for the temptation to smuggle is very great at the moment, Britain now being one of the greatest tariff countries in the world. The function of the Waterguard is the preliminary inspection of any ship coming up the Thames, the ascertaining of particulars about her, etc. The final passing "audited and found correct" is done by the Customs

THE POOL OF LONDON: A new study of the fascinating area above Tower Bridge where such varied shipping is ever to be seen. Considerable activity is visible in many dockyards at the moment, more especially in London, since we have gone off the gold standard



ACTIVITY IN THE DOCKS: An infallible barometer of economic conditions is dockland and the recent improvement, consequent upon our handling our crisis with firmness and discretion, is mirrored in the increased activity to be seen on the Thames. *Highland Princess*, *El Argentino* and *Rengitata* are seen above at the Royal Albert Dock

Lafayette

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY
whose superb jewels are famous throughout the great world and intimately known stone by stone in the jewel trade

EMERALD, DIAMOND, SAPP

The Great Quintette of the Jewel Trade Presented in their Various Brilliant Facets—of Fashion, of Worth, of Assessment, of Control, and of Source, Together with a Revelation of the Difficulties, Methods, and Technique of Those Who Deal with Them

By CHARLES GRAVES

It is a platitude in trade that the jewellery business is the barometer of industrial prosperity. It is the first to feel the draught, and it is also the first to feel the return of good times. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that during this past three weeks jewellers were rubbing their hands again for the first time for two years. Inquiry after inquiry for fine stones comes in. A 12-carat diamond was sold at £600 a carat last week. The revival of prosperity is further increased by the 10 per cent. tariff which came into force at the beginning of the month on all jewel mountings from abroad.

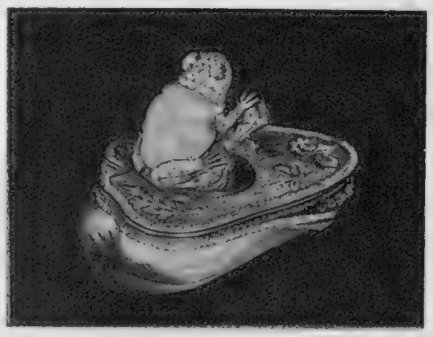
One of the unkindest things said about the jewellery business is that there is such a gap between the price you pay in a jeweller's shop for a piece of jewellery and the price for which you can sell it nowadays. There are two answers to this. The first is that you have only to compare the value of industrial shares to-day with the level at which they stood three years ago to see that the drop is enormous in almost everything. The second is that you *must* discriminate between jewellery which you buy because it is of a fashionable design and stones which you buy because they are precious. No woman who buys a fur coat can expect to sell it after a year or two for anything approaching the original price. In the same way no woman who buys a service stripe "bracelet" can expect to sell it for a large sum. For there are no good stones in it and its chief attraction is the design. On the other hand, a good diamond, let us say, always has a market price, and the drop in its value has been much less than in most shares. In the case of a diamond of 4 carats upwards the drop is very small indeed.

So much for that. Another very important point about the jewellery business is that 85 per cent. of the precious stones of the world come from the British Empire, and though, obviously, the amount of labour employed in their mining and manufacture is infinitely less than in, say, the chinaware trade, the amount of cash turnover involved throughout the world in jewellery cannot fall far short of the total turnover of the English china industry. And every year, despite the slump, this turnover becomes greater, which is all very excellent for the British Empire.

It is one of the most remarkable developments in social history, this increase of the intelligent interest in jewellery shown by English women since the War. The average woman whose husband was comfortably off could not boast of more than a £100 string of pearls, a gold wrist-watch, and a few cheap brooches and rings twelve years ago. To-day she has progressed by way of a slightly larger pearl necklace to a still larger one, and by way of diamond clips and bigger and better bracelets, until she has at least eight hundred pounds' worth of jewellery. Moreover, she knows when she goes out dancing, or to a dinner party, whether the jewellery worn by the other women is genuine or not. And to-day at smart restaurants and dance clubs less than 15 per cent. of the jewellery you see is fake. Among the women who have the finest jewellery in this country can be counted Lady Granard, whose emeralds are famous, Lady Strickland, whose husband is the Prime Minister of Malta, Lady Londonderry, and Mrs. Francis Francis, whose diamonds in particular are positively dazzling.

Yes, I was fur-conscious last week. This week I am distinctly jewel-conscious. It is extraordinary how little one-tenth of the world knows how the other nine-tenths gets its living. Names that in the jewellery business are as famous as Rothschild or Baldwin in finance and politics, mean nothing to the average woman in the street, or even to the average woman in the Ritz Hotel. This week my note-books are studded with references to the three brothers Rosenthal, to the Bienenfelds, to Adolf Weil, Percy Mayer, and Willi Abraham. An Arab sheikh, straight from the Persian Gulf, was in London last week. Everybody in the jewel business knows Ali Rezah. He is extremely handsome, wears an Astrakhan hat, and goes round with a pocketful of pearls; and as pearls come first in the list of precious stones, we might perhaps begin with them.

PRESSING PLATINUM for mounts—a picture specially taken for "The Sphere" at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Co., Ltd., Regent Street



THE LONGEST PEARL IN THE WORLD on which is perched a frog made from another large pearl—form Napoleon's snuff-box, now in the collection of Captain William Ogden

THE MOST COSTLY PEARL IN LONDON: A flawless specimen, drilled by one of the hereditary hand-drillers of the East, now at Messrs. Max Mayer's, Hatton Garden

London was always the chief pearl market of the world until the franc depreciated. Now it is resuming its old position. Hatton Garden sold pearls to merchants all over the world, and particularly to those from Paris and New York, where the retail trade has always been immense. Even Indian Princes come and buy their pearls in London instead of in Bombay, for London has always been the cheapest place in the world for them. You might have thought that in Bombay, where they are taken from the Persian Gulf to be drilled, they would be far cheaper. In fact, the Bombay merchants speculate so much that the prices soar so high that they cannot be maintained in London. The highest price ever paid for a pearl was £150,000, which was given by the last Shah but two of Persia. Eighteen months ago a pearl was sold in London for £52,000. Fine pearls, like everything that is really rare, have more or less maintained their prices.

But let us trace the career of a pearl from the oyster to the throat of a lovely lady. Well, the foreshore of the Persian Gulf and the Island of Bahrein, which provide 90 per cent. of the fine pearls of the world, belongs to a number of Arab Sheikhs under British protection. This at once distinguishes the pearl market from the precious metal and diamond markets, which are controlled by groups or syndicates. Diamonds and all metals depend on labour. With pearls it is the fisheries which really regulate the market. If there existed a syndicate like the De Beers, the price could be forced sky high. For, contrary to what you might suppose, the price of pearls is such that if it dropped further it would not be worth the while of the fishermen to go on working. There is only a handful of European pearl-merchants who advance money to the local Arab merchants, and a still smaller handful of the latter advances money to the fishermen.

As it is, less than a half of the 2,500 boats involved in the trade went out pearl fishing this year, and, incidentally, they say that this year's fishing is a failure. Normally about £2,500,000 worth of new pearls are taken out of the Persian Gulf every year, and the fishermen are paid a 1s. a day for the four months of the fishing season. (Apart from the Persian Gulf, about £20,000 worth of fine pearls come from Venezuela once every two or three years, and about the same amount comes from Columbia at similar intervals. Small amounts also arrive irregularly from Broome in Australia, Costa Rico, Takiti, Panama, and the Philippines.)

But let us get on with our pearl. Having been taken out of the water, it is sold by the fisherman to one of the Arab merchants. He in turn sends it to Bombay to be drilled by one of the families which for centuries has maintained the secret of accurately drilling through the centre of a pearl merely with the aid of a hand drill. In the meantime, one of the big firms in Hatton Garden will have advanced to the Arab merchant a credit of, say, £100,000 in rupees through the National Provincial Bank—which is used almost exclusively by everyone in the jewellery business. Some weeks later the bunch of pearls arrives, and Mr. Percy Mayer will cable an offer. This will be at once refused indignantly. Two or three more cables are exchanged, and finally Mr. Mayer asks for the final minimum price. If this proves satisfactory, all is well. If not, the pearls are either sent back, or, Mr. Mayer having had his "first sight" as it is called, is asked to pass them on to some other Hatton Garden firm. At this point it is interesting to learn how the unit of valuation is arrived at. The unit is "once the weight." This means the square of the number of grains which the pearl weighs. Supposing, for example, a string of a hundred pearls is sent to a Hatton Garden firm, with a total weight of 600 grains; and supposing the offer is 10s. "base"; then the actual price is $6 \times 6 \times 100 \times 10$s., and that works out at £1,800. The usual type of pearl sent over from the Persian Gulf is seldom less than half a grain and seldom more than twenty. Another bit of arithmetic will show that supposing an offer of three hundred shillings was made for a forty-grain pearl, this would mean no less than £24,000 for that pearl alone.

The final step in the career of our pearl is its sale to a West End firm, where it may be made up in half a dozen different ways from a necklace to an earring. If it is a fine pearl and used for a necklace, it may be years before the necklace is completed and finally adorns the throat of the lovely lady.

RUBY AND DIAMOND: A magnificent necklace featuring the modern baguette treatment—i.e. diamonds cut in oblongs. This necklace is in the collection of Captain William Ogden, King Street, St. James's

HIRE, RUBY, AND PEARL

And now let us go into the luxurious showroom of some jeweller in Bond Street, Regent Street, or Bruton Street. In the show-cases you see rubies worth twelve thousand pounds, diamond rings — everything that is attractive in the way of jewellery.

"How much have you sold this week?" you ask the manager.

"Not much," may be the reply. "But we have had thirty or forty people in here this week, and there is a woman who looks as though she may buy a seven hundred pound ring. Hullo, here she is." And as you wait, you see a smart American with an attractive daughter being ushered in. After ten minutes she leaves.

"Any luck?" you ask the manager.

"I doubt it," comes the reply. "She says she will come back on Monday. At least it is not so bad as telling us not to keep it. That always means the worst."

And then, if he feels that you are sympathetic, he may tell you a tale of woe. "You have to be a detective, a diplomat, a Job, an accountant, a psychologist, as well as an expert salesman," one of them told me. "You have to contend with the fact that most people think that jewellers are rich rogues who can well afford to wait a year or two for payment. If you wait six months and say that the matter will be taken out of your hands by the auditors, they pay no attention. If the auditors make any firm effort to get the money, they turn nasty and tell all their friends that your firm is ungentlemanly and goodness knows what else, always ending up with the advice never to patronize you again.

"The trouble is that there is only a limited number of people who can afford to buy £2,000 worth of jewellery at a time, and as many of these people know each other, a tremendous lot of harm can be done by malicious gossip. If only people would not think that we were bankers instead of jewellers! In point of fact, it is impossible for us to work out our annual profits on a percentage basis. It is all a question of selling more than we buy in any given year. If you worked out all the over-head and the interest we lose on the capital locked up in jewellery, you would find that eight per cent. was about the average profit in an average year. Downstairs in the safe I have stuff that was here twenty-five years ago and has not yet been sold. We will soon be able to sell it as antiques! Often a fine stone takes three or four years to sell. If it costs, say, six thousand pounds, and we sell it for seven after three years, the profit is not so great as would at first appear. Five per cent. on six thousand pounds for three years is £900."

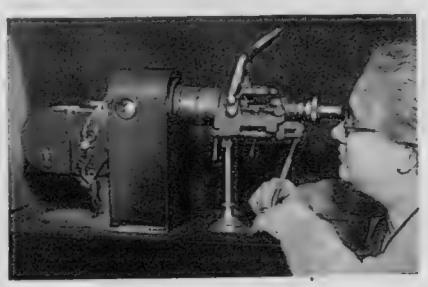
It was at this stage that he showed me a ruby, the price of which was marked at 685,000 francs. Above it were the code letters A A I M U T. That is what it cost the firm. For the last forty-eight hours I have been trying to work it out. Every jeweller has a special code word, sometimes two or three. It must have ten letters, as each letter is the equivalent of a number between one and ten; and each letter must consequently be different; and he told me that this particular code word was a very pretty one. One of the more common code words is "signalboxe," with "s" meaning one and so on up to "e" meaning nought.

"Yes," concluded the manager. "It was only three years ago that if anyone came in here to buy a £200 ring I would not have bothered to stop writing my letters. To-day I would be all over her. Gone are the days when whole families would patronize one firm exclusively. It was a pleasure to be a jeweller when a client would come in and say that she had £500 to spend on jewellery, and left it to me to decide what to do with it. To-day women go from jeweller to jeweller trying to beat us down in price, telling us that they can get exactly the same article for less money somewhere else."

VALUED AT FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS: A perfectly matched two-row pearl necklace of specimen pearls in the collection of Captain William Ogden, King Street, St. James's

But now we must turn to the four other precious stones, rubies, emeralds, diamonds and sapphires — which is, strange though it may seem, the proper order of price. It is true that it is only occasionally that a real top-notcher ruby turns up. But when it does, it is worth more than an emerald. The most valuable rubies come from Burma, but fine large pigeon's-blood stones have been scarce for many years. And now for a tip. Siamese rubies, which are of identical texture, are very beautiful. Owing to the fashion for Burmese rubies, these stones have dropped almost completely out of the market. If you can find them, however, do not despise them, especially as, though they cost a tenth of the price of the Burma variety, first-class examples would deceive most experts as to their origin. During the War rubies went out of fashion because they were blood-coloured and people were superstitious. To-day a good ruby is the smartest stone of all. Such is the swing of the pendulum.

Emeralds are mined in the Government mines in Columbia. There are, also, inferior emeralds found in South Africa and Siberia. From Columbia they go in the rough to India, where they are cut by families who do nothing else, and, like the pearl drillers, have handed down their skill from generation to generation. And the skill needs to be wonderful, for the emerald is notoriously brittle, and the number of fine, completely flawless stones in the whole world can be counted on the fingers of one hand. This Indian cutting, however, is not final. It only produces the largest piece of emerald out of a given piece of quartz. From India they are shipped to London and Paris, where the final cutting, according to the latest current fashions, takes place. In point of fact the emerald mines have been closed for some years until better times arrive. This keeps the emerald at its high level of price.



TRUE PEARL OR CULTURED: The device by which this is discovered—at Messrs. Max Mayer's, Hatton Garden

THE FINISHING TOUCH: A gold bracelet being polished at the workshops of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of Regent Street

Incidentally, the Czar of Russia was supposed to have a flawless 40 carat emerald at the corner of his blotting pad. The Soviet has it now, but so far the reserve price has not been reached.

Leaving the diamonds to the last, we come to sapphires, which are found in Ceylon, Burma, and Kashmir. All three varieties are of equal values, though different in appearance. Sapphire is much the cheapest of the precious stones, possibly because it is a better stone to wear by day than by electric light, when it looks dark and uninteresting. The Ceylon sapphire is the lightest of the three varieties. The Burmese is a very rich blue but most inclined to look black at night. The Kashmir sapphire is the truest cornflower blue, but is somehow duller.

The finest blue-white diamonds are very rare, and are only a little less expensive than the finest emeralds. The Golgonda Mine in Southern India produced the finest diamonds of all time, but it has not been worked for forty years or so. Some of these diamonds came into the London market a few years ago, supposedly from Russia, but their origin was never proved. Another source was Brazil. Here, too, very fine stones were produced. But in recent years practically all the diamonds have come from South Africa. This is a controlled output, which is very much controlled indeed just now, as everybody knows. The finest stones come from the Wesselton Jagger and Premier Mines.

The price of diamonds has dropped like everything else, but the drop has been less in the fine stones than in the smaller ones.

One of the biggest blows to the diamond industry has been the decline in the popularity of the French casinos. About seven years ago rich English women who started to patronize Deauville and Cannes began to feel rather envious of French women who were covered with diamond and platinum bracelets. One might go so far as to say, indeed, that the better-born the English woman the more it began to appeal to her vanity, or sense of humour, to imitate the cocotte by covering herself with jewellery. This fashion spread from the casinos to Mayfair, and everyone who could afford them wore six or seven diamond and platinum bracelets on each arm. This was wonderful for the diamond business. Then people began to think it was overdone, and anyway it ceased to be smart because of the number of imitations.

THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE HAMILTON at a recent display of jewels held in London

Then, by great good fortune, and just when the Wall Street slump had started, someone began the fashion for diamond clips. These had an immediate and terrific success. They were worn in the hat, in the corsage, at the back of a gown, and even on shoes and in the hair. They are still popular, and have saved the financial life of jeweller after jeweller. Following the diamond clip, a vogue has also been started in diamond wedding rings, thus supplanting the original gold ring, and later, the all-platinum wedding ring. The diamond wedding ring is still expensive because it is the fashion to have the diamond cut in an oblong form, known as a baguette, and this means that the ring has to be tailored, so to speak, to the individual finger.

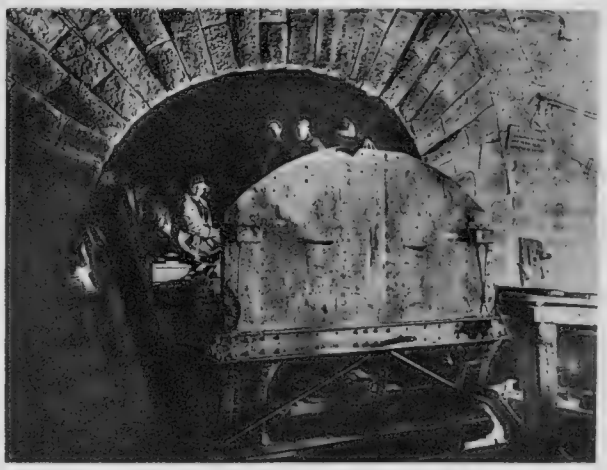
At the moment, however, the West-End jewellers are feverishly trying to find some new way to exploit their hoards of diamonds. The fashion just after the War for wearing regimental badges done in diamonds was a short-lived success. Tiaras, except in the case of Lady Londonderry at her receptions, and of peeresses at the opening of the House of Lords, have almost entirely gone out. And the laws of heraldry do not permit women to wear their husband's coats-of-arms even in miniature, otherwise this might prove a godsend to the diamond business.

I have said nothing about imitation jewellery, or "reconstructed" precious stones, or even about semi-precious stones like amethysts, alexandrines, opals, and the rest. I have not space for all of them. But the article would not be complete without a reference, at least, to the cultured pearl from Japan. This is produced by the insertion of a bead of mother-of-pearl in an oyster, which puts pearl matter on the outside of the bead of varying thicknesses. A detector-instrument, which looks like a child's magic lantern, has a lamp with a beam which can distinguish between the two immediately, for the real pearl is built up in concentric strata; the cultured in horizontal.

In conclusion, high-class jewellers argue that every wearer of imitation jewellery is a potential buyer of the real stuff. Pearl merchants in particular favour this fashion. They like as many people as possible to realize that no money is spent on mounting pearls except in earrings—whether they are cultured, Oriental, or imitation—and indeed, with the trend of fashion to greater simplicity, the future of the pearl is perhaps the rosiest of all precious stones.

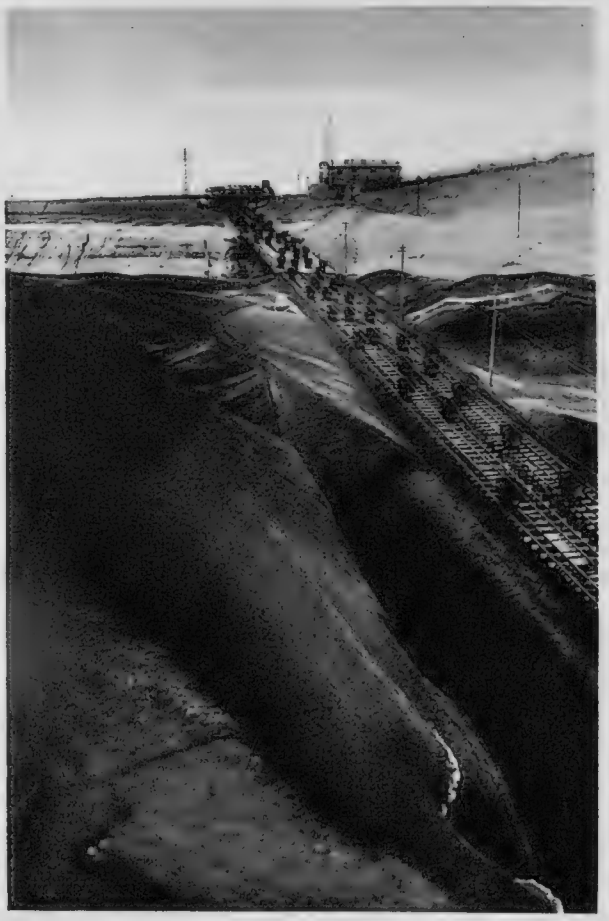
THE STATION IN THE GREAT TUNNEL OF THE APENNINES: A *tour de force* of engineering, shorter but more arduous of construction than the Simplon. There are double lines running the entire length of the tunnel and an extra (shorter) line connected with the main tunnel for goods trains. The ladder on the left marks one of the air shafts

THE LAST TRUCK of iron pipes *en route* to the works at Prato. This picture was taken in the huge underground station in the great tunnel of the Apennines



AN AIRSHAFT USED AS A FUNICULAR: One of the remarkable improvisations of Italian engineering in the new work that saves time on the Rome-Florence journey

A ROBOT MINE IN SAXONY: One of the brown coal mines near Müchein where the most remarkable mechanical devices eliminate much human employment



THE UNPEOPLED LAND: The coal mines in the middle of Germany are a typical example of the fact that in ever-increasing proportions humans are being dispensed with in industrial areas. The Saxon brown coal seams stretch over hundreds of square kilometres which are being mined in open workings. The inhabitants of whole towns found employment here earlier, while to-day the huge clefts, although being worked are nearly empty of men

A TUNNEL

The Great Tunnel of the Apennines is only a little shorter than the Simplon, but because of the geological formation of the mountain it has been more difficult to construct, and it is unique in having a double line through its whole length with a large station half-way. For nearly ten years engineers from all over the world have come to admire this splendid achievement of Italian engineering. At Cà di Landino, the spot midway above the tunnel, everything looked deserted, the windows of long, low houses were already shuttered, the little church closed, the hospital boarded up. The engineer led us quickly to the back of the building where a few men were standing by the shed of the machinery that worked the funicular leading into the depths of the earth through a draught-hole of the new tunnel.

We sat on a plank and started our slantwise journey about 1,000 ft. downwards, drawing tightly round us coats, scarves, and the extra wraps that were handed to us. The draught hole was doing its work only too well, a gale blew upwards as we left the daylight. In front of us crouched a miner sheltering with his cloak a flickering acetylene light and, as we sank farther into the darkness, I felt for some moments that only a strong hold on myself could keep me from shouting, "Let's go back—I must go up again." When at last we stood under the enormous vault of the station it seemed as if men had carved in the depths of the earth a temple to the power of machinery. At each end were two huge, black holes; through one of these two lines pass, the other has a single line where goods trains will wait while expresses run through. The south tunnel, for goods trains, communicates after a few hundred yards with the main tunnel. At the opening of this were two trucks loaded with iron pipes. These, too, no longer needed, were on their way to the depositories at Prato. We listened absorbed while we were told of the seven thousand men who had made the thirty-eight bridges and viaducts, thirty-one tunnels, and seven stations of this new sixty-mile route that will shorten the journey from Florence to Bologna to one hour, bringing the north of Italy always closer to Rome. We heard, too, that part of the line is already electrified, and that in a short time it could all be ready. Then we walked about examining the various cabins cut in the side of the tunnel. The great arc-lights used during the work had been taken down; a few electric light globes, here and there, could not dispel the darkness. We were glad to hear the sound of our feet on the stones. The silence was oppressive, the heart of the mountain was no longer beating, the picks of men, the electric drills, were laid aside. While the photographer arranged his gear for flashlight, I talked again with the engineer and two miners. At one moment I noticed in the tunnel a tiny spot of light. "That is the strong sunlight, ten kilometres away," explained the engineer. "We started work there, and at this end at the same time, and when the men met we were less than half an inch out in our calculations." The two men were holding their lamps. I could see their faces clearly; the shadows did not veil their eyes. They were looking in front of them. "It was a great work," they said together: "and a dangerous one, too," one added. "There were many who gave their lives for it." The engineer stood in the dark; his voice sounded deeper. "This mountain is not like the Alps where the earth is very old: we had often to dig through treacherous clay, fight with sudden rushes of gas; and streams burst out when they were least expected. It was 18 kilometres of hard fighting. Well, it's over now and the great tunnel, except for clearing up the second airshaft, is ready."

Y. M.

IN MYSTERIOUS MZAB

THE DOOR-KEEPER OF BENI ISGUEN, who has to see that no one, whether Muhammadan, Christian, or Jew, who does not belong to the sect, stays inside the town at night

THE CLOSELY-WATCHED DOORWAY TO BENI ISGUEN: In the evening all strangers in this city of the Mzab, as the land of the Mozabites is termed, are shown out by this door

On left—THE CIRCLE OF THE ELDERS: Within this circle of stones in the market place the council of elders of Ghardaia holds its sittings. Every stone comes from one of the great cities of the dead which surround the town. In this way the deceased are supposed to share in some measure decisions concerning the fate of the town

SLEEPING WITHOUT THE WALLS: In the Holy Town of Beni Isguen none may sleep overnight. Whoever has business in the town by day must live in tents before the gates at night

THE MOZABITE OASIS OF THE NORTH SAHARA: About 700 miles south of Algiers in the north Saharan desert lies a remarkable depression known as the oasis of Ghardaia. It was here, centuries ago, that the forefathers of the present Mozabite sect fled from Islamic persecution. For a long time the surrounding desert protected the sect from any invasion. They lived alone in their five rock-perched towns and watered their palms and gardens by means of some 4,000 wells, which they had sunk by unremitting labour. Each town is surmounted by a mosque with minaret of curious design, square sided and tapering towards the summit which terminates in a series of odd-sized knobs. The women folk are kept in strict seclusion; an old negro servant brings in the news of the day. The merchants of Ghardaia are famed for their industry and wealth. The scene above is that which meets the stranger when approaching from the north, with the old way into the oasis on the left. *On the left* is seen a rock-perched town of the oasis. This one has the most precipitous face of the rive

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HITLER or HINDENBURG?

Though the Result of the Election will be Known to our Readers when this Article Appears, we Give it as an Examination of the Chances of the Contestants and as a Record of the Atmosphere Surrounding the Contest. This Account was Written a Few Days Before the Actual Casting of the Votes for the German Presidency

POLICE ON DUTY in readiness for any outbreak of political feeling which, as we go to press, has not eventuated

ELECTIONEERING MANIA: *On left* is a fanatical political speaker of the type that has infected even children with enthusiasm and inspired them to pamphleteer

CONFLICTING APPEALS: Partisan posters almost obscure the real greatness of Germany exemplified by the name of Goethe

THE UNDERLYING *MOTIF* OF THE ELECTION: One of the many destitute in Berlin who hope for relief by the election of Hitler, who promises to upset "the System" under which such tragedies as these exist

Germany's third and most fateful Presidential Election takes place on Sunday. The future of Germany and perhaps the peace of Europe will be decided then. It is the general belief in the Republic that another issue, of more essentially domestic interest, but fraught with amazing International consequence, will be decided at the same time: the issue of Fascism, Hitlerism, Nationalism—call it what you will—the issue of that tremendously enthusiastic organization built up by Adolph Hitler on a basis of intense and militant Nationalism.

The result of the election is far from being a foregone conclusion. Outside observers, and a great many in Germany, incline too readily to the belief that Hindenburg, the Grand Old Man, will carry the country on his almost sacrosanct personality. Alas! These old men, like old legends, are no longer sacrosanct. Even a Prince of the Hohenzollerns, a son of the Kaiser, is out against Hindenburg on the public platforms of Germany. You may think that is of no account. If so, you do not know your German. Eager mothers still drag their offspring through the cold and slush of a winter's day to see the passing of a Royal prince, however "ex" he may be.

Prince August Wilhelm is all for Hitler. On Sunday last, 20,000 citizens of Cologne, the fourth largest city of Germany, assembled in their great Exhibition Hall to hear Prince August Wilhelm give his benediction to Hitler. And 20,000 people listened with a degree of uncritical devotion to every word he had to say. Practically all of them were voters. At least two-thirds of them wore the Hitler badge and uniform, in which they had previously paraded the city. In physique and general appearance they were the pick of the Rhineland capital's population.

"Hindenburg did great things during the War," said the ex-Prince. "But he is growing old. He is eighty-four. He is at the stage when unscrupulous politicians can easily make a tool of him." How many Germans think that? At Munich, which was a Hindenburg stronghold in the last election, meetings against the hero of Tannenberg were attended by the very people who, in 1925, gladly supported him. So at Frankfurt, at Dresden, at Leipzig, at Hamburg, and even at Berlin. I spoke to a German who is far from being a National Socialist. "To vote against Hindenburg is our last protest," he said.

"That is Hitler's great chance. All Germany is anxious to protest against something. The denationalized enthusiast who, by the grace of the Brunswick legislature, is a German of only a few days' standing, offers the final, supreme protest to the harassed and resentful people of the Republic. For it seems to me, after careful study of the situation among all classes, that not only members of the Nazi organization will vote for Hitler. A big proportion of the other parties will add their weight to his candidature out of sheer despair. A great many people are influenced by the Hitler propaganda against "the System." Heaven knows what system it is they are complaining about, or who is to blame for it; but the word has taken on. "We are not voting against Hindenburg but against 'the System.'"

Among the German middle and lower classes living has been reduced to the lowest possible standard. It is not too much to say that they are faced with acute misery. The fault is not seen in themselves. That is hardly to be expected. A scapegoat is easily found and, in national matters, the existing Government is the obvious choice. It is in such a spirit that the German Presidential Election is being held. It is not so much President von Hindenburg as Chancellor Bruening who will be on trial next Sunday.

The Chancellor has been responsible for many unpopular measures. His recent *Notverordnung* still rankles in the minds of a great many people who are not ordinarily sympathetic to the Nazi movement; and his International policy has been much too cautious for the very many hotheads of the Republic.

"If we vote for Hindenburg," said one man, "we vote for more taxation, more restrictions, more International humiliation." The election on Sunday is therefore to decide between the politics of Dr. Bruening and those of Adolph Hitler, who, not being in office, has been able to stir the national feeling with promises of respite from burdens, and of a spectacular recovery of the national honour which the present Government is accused of having sold.

There is yet another reason for believing Herr Hitler's prospects to be brighter than many will admit. His organization is perfect. He is able to mobilize, with all the precision and discipline of a trained army, practically two-thirds of the youth of the country. They are not all voters; but many of them are, and those who are not represent in their families at least one vote, and probably more. A Hitler parade is no nondescript coming together of peevish dissentients, such as one often sees with the Communist parades. It is a disciplined gathering of what is physically the best of the country, and has all the elements of a military display on a large scale. It is formidable. It is magnificent. It is in itself a marvellous form of propaganda.

Even as I write these notes I overhear, in an adjoining room, a party of young engineers discussing a big Hitler parade held to-day at Cologne (which is supposed to be a bulwark of the Centre, or Bruening, party).

Fabelhaft! Kolossal!

These two adjectives occur every few seconds in their excited description of the rally. Their nationalism has been stirred to the depths by the brave gesture of Hitler's legions. And little wonder. Even a critic in the ranks of Tuscany can scarce forbear to cheer. That is what organization and a sense of the dramatic will do. And the Hitler organization in Germany to-day is more perfect even than was the Fascist organization in Italy on the eve of the March to Rome.

"We are mobilized," said one of the Nazis. "If we fail with our votes we shall succeed with our arms!" Fortunately, there is no need to put much faith in the exuberant utterances of enthusiasts; but the sentiment agrees with the recent supposed disclosure of the Socialist *Vorwärts*, that the Nazi organization intends, in the event of Hitler losing on the first vote, to bring its shock troops into action and so to secure by force what it cannot gain by persuasion. I do not believe they will go that far. I do believe, however, that their claims will be more or less confirmed on Sunday.

THE FAMILY MAN: President von Hindenburg with his grandchildren, Gertrud, Hubertus, and Helga

In any event, reports that Hitler has lost ground in Germany during the past few months are based more on hope than on knowledge. On Sunday he will be able to count on at least as many votes as were given to his party in the Reichstag elections of 1930. On that occasion, the Social Democrats polled 8,575,343 votes, the Centre Party 4,126,983, the Communists 4,590,179, and the Nazis 6,406,397. If the voting next Sunday is in a similar proportion it is improbable that either Hindenburg or Hitler will secure the necessary number to avoid a second election in April.

But the facts seem to be that the Nazis are very much more powerful to-day and can count on the support of a great many of those who voted against them in the Reichstag elections. It is certain that they will secure an appreciable proportion of the votes given to Hindenburg in 1925, when the final results were these:—

Paul von Hindenburg - -	14,655,641
Wilhelm Marx - - -	13,751,605
Ernst Thalmann - - -	1,931,151

The curious thing on this occasion is that those who put the Socialist Marx forward in 1925 are supporting the Conservative Hindenburg in 1932, and the 1925 adherents of Hindenburg are opposing him now.

X

GERMANY TO-DAY

"TRUMPETER WHAT OF—DER TAG?" "Iron Front" (Republican) youth parades in support of Hindenburg's electoral campaign

TRIPARTITE ELECTION: The Centre Government of Hindenburg, the Nationalist rule of Hitler or the International (i.e., Russian) system of Thaelmann are the alternatives; the last-named is not seriously to be considered but the fight between the other two bids fair to be acute

THE G.O.M. in full Field-Marshal's uniform inspects the Berlin Guard troops. The old warrior is yet a great man—at eighty-four

"VOTE FOR THE MAN, NOT FOR THE PARTY" is the appeal made for Hindenburg whose appeal is, perforce, largely sentimental, for a chief executive of eighty-four can be only by emotion an inspiration—as was Franz Josef; for Hitler, on the other hand, the appeal is of youth to youth

PENSIONING 100,000 UNEMPLOYED: The new office from which the dole is distributed just erected in the Neu Koeln district of Berlin. From the army of the unemployed—which numbers all classes in its ranks—and from dissatisfied youth comes the main support for Hitler who promises in fiery speeches redress nationally and individually. Those who dismiss Hitler as a hot-head and a wind-bag have not yet realized what patience—ever a proof of strength—he has already shown in waiting for a chance of Constitutional victory before putting into action his threat of violence of the "March to Rome" order

GOETHE Y

1832—1932

A GOETHE RELIC: A carved stone in Belvedere Park, representative of many others set up in the era of the poet

On left—THE SCHLOSS BELVEDERE: The early XVIIIth century house transformed to its present state by Duchess Amalia, mother of Karl August, is now a museum of its epoch

On right is the monument erected by Duke Karl August in 1787 to commemorate Goethe's return from Italy

SHARING THE LAURELS: T
Schiller monument in fron
National Theatre in Weima
of both poets received th
multitude. Both poets pr
appearanc

THE LUGGAGE OF GENIUS: One of the things which attracts the visitor during a stroll through Goethe's house. Note the box made to take the top hat of the period

KEPT IN THE ORANGERY: The coach in which Goethe made his Italy and also travelled elsewhere

The thoughts of the entire world of culture are centring this year on Weimar, the city where Germany's greatest poet, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, spent most of his life. The hundredth anniversary of his death occurs next Tuesday, March 22, 1932. Weimar has hardly altered at all. The old spirit is still living and strangers have the feeling that Goethe is amongst them in Weimar. All German schools are preparing for a tour thither, where the children will visit Goethe's house and will spend a few hours in the city.

Goethe was already known to the world by his "Sorrows of Werther," that marvellous expression of eighteenth-century sentiment, when the young Duke Karl August of Weimar persuaded him to come as his guest to Weimar, that tiny German State which Goethe was to raise to immortal fame, and from that memorable invitation Karl August brought distinction to his petty Court, for he so admired and loved Goethe that he was able to keep Germany's greatest poet attached to him. In spite of his youthful follies, somewhat coarse to present-day feeling, the young Duke possessed a fine appreciation for the arts, and when he offered Goethe a post in his Court, he wrote to Goethe's father saying, "Goethe can have but one position—that of my friend. All others are beneath him."

In the garden-house in the beautiful Belvedere Park presented to him by the Duke, Goethe lived among the flowers he adored so much, and where he could bathe (a pastime in which he delighted) in the River Ilm, which winds peacefully through the park and town of Weimar. Close by was the house of Charlotte von Stein, the confidante and friend of many years. She was the wife of

YEAR

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE: The head of the great dramatist, philosopher, and poet, taken from the statue in front of the National Theatre, Weimar, seen immediately on the left

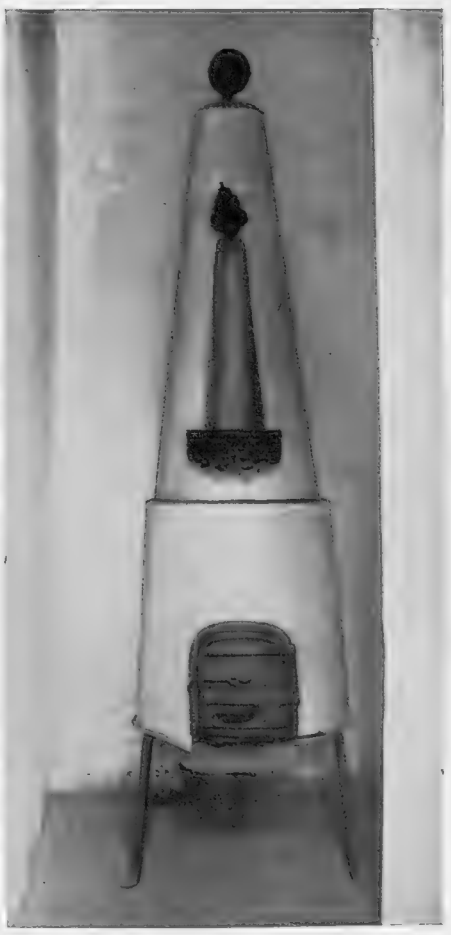
THE TRIBUTE OF YOUTH: The centenary of Goethe's death is honoured fitly in Germany, for every school organizes a tour to Weimar where the children saturate themselves in the luminous tradition of the writer whose poems are in every German heart

: The Goethe and front of the German eimar where the plays d the plaudits of the s present a splendid rance

IN THE ORANGERY: The house Duke Karl August gave to Goethe. Set in the Belvedere Park, it derives its name from it's surroundings

le his famous journey to

RELICS OF A WORLD POET: Next to the desk at which he wrote stands the basket in which Johann Wolfgang von Goethe cast his handkerchiefs



AN OLD-WORLD STOVE on which Goethe used to make his tea

Karl von Stein, the Duke's Master of Horse, but lived a life apart, and being a literary dilettante, she helped to keep alive his muse in the midst of the tiresome Court functions. One of the great interests of the Court were private theatricals, the Weimar theatre surpassing all other theatres in Germany, Goethe writing plays in honour of his patron's birthday and that of his mother, the Duchess Amalia, and of his beautiful young wife, the Duchess Louise. On one occasion when the spectators had gathered on a bridge to watch the marvellous illumination along the riverside when *Die Fischerin*, Goethe's operetta was performed, the bridge broke and all the enthusiastic folk were thrown into the river, which is said to have added much to the general entertainment.

Always of a handsome presence, both in youth and age, Goethe is one of the few poets who did not languish under neglect—while still a very young man he gained the ear of his reading public by his *Werther*, and at Weimar he achieved an immense popularity, while his success with women was notorious.

Goethe broke away from Weimar for a few years, going on a visit to Italy—the carriage in which he travelled is still to be seen in the orangery at Belvedere, which contains a number of historical carriages. It has been sometimes said that Goethe's sojourn in Weimar was a sacrifice of his genius, that his Court duties hindered his muse—but on the other hand it can be affirmed that Goethe was no quiet recluse, but needed to *live*, as well as to write—and his greatest work, *Faust*, was composed at Weimar.

BOOKS—

Judaism Run Riot: Mittel-Europa in Excelsis: Unnecessary Introspection: A Frank Book of Books: A Charming Book of Youth

By CECIL ROBERTS

We are overwhelmed just now by an avalanche of Jewish fiction. There was a moment of revolt when I felt like organizing a literary pogrom. I have no anti-Semitic feeling, but when I am faced with half-a-dozen novels, all of terrible length, most of them concerning Jews who do not want to stay in the Ghetto or, having got out of it, are miserable, I am restive. They are always musical, with parents in obscure circumstances producing children of genius. I suppose a plain Jew and plain dealing are considered too rare to find acceptance from the public. And in all these stories the *vox humana* stop is always pulled out.

Let us take two Jewish novels for examples. Miss Naomi Jacob has given us *Props* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). Three former novels from her skilful pen still remain gratefully in my memory, *That Wild Lie*, *Seen Unknown*, and *Roots*. They were remarkable books, so much so that I came to the conclusion they were the first-fruits of this talented Jewess. To my surprise, I discovered later that she had six novels behind these, none of which seems to have emerged from obscurity. Yet I doubt if Miss Jacob could write a weak book. I do not like *Props* nearly so much as her last three novels, but these set a remarkably high standard, and we all have our phases when inspiration waxes and wanes. *Roots* was a remarkable departure from her usual subject matter, for it concerned not Jews but an English woman on the land and her fight to preserve the tradition of the farm and hand it on to her descendants. In *Props* Miss Jacob returns to the Jews and tells us the story of Hermann Franck, the son of a Dresden shopkeeper, who is sent to London on business, inherits a small sum of money from his ambitious father, returns again to England, marries an English wife, finds her faithless and unattractive and, at forty, wakes up to the fact that he has never done what he wants to do.

CLARE SCARLETT, whose new novel, *Iron Blue*, has recently been published by Humphrey Toulmin. In private life, the author is Mrs. Aspinall

And what was that? To play the flute! So we find him, after married life in England, leaving a selfish wife and an indifferent son, and returning almost penniless to Dresden where he obtains a precarious living mending china, but happy because he can play the flute in his tiny room.

It is a story of futility and frustration. The element of religion really does not matter, although Hermann finally goes back to the synagogue, more from habit than conviction. There is a rather impossible musical uncle who encourages his nephew (how impossible musical uncles are!), and a stock *prima donna*, who is always wonderful, somewhere about the Continent. An untidy, hard-faced landlady in a Russell Street boarding-house, and a hard-drinking boarder complete the stock in trade. Yet despite this commonplace material, the weak theme, and the clash of Judaism with Christianity, neither of which I feel Miss Jacob really believes in, the novel holds one. I think it is because the authoress has the gift of easy and natural dialogue, and always maintains a firm grip on her situations. I am not excited by this book as I was by its predecessors, but I am interested enough to await its successor with anticipation.

With *Bondy Jr.*, by Ludwig Hatvany (Hutchinsons. 7s. 6d), we are still with Jewry, with Hermann, in the Ghetto, and in Europe. Here is a very long book, written with tremendous zest, bristling with strange names, passions, racial feuds, national aspirations, and family history. It is a saga covering Hungary, the conflict of the Magyars and the Jews through a period of one hundred years. We see the Bondy dynasty rise from Simon, the pedlar, up to Sigi, the precocious son of a well-to-do tradesman. Here again father and son are in opposition, again it is art versus trade, but this novel differs from *Props*, in that every line of it is informed with political passion. It is difficult for the English reader to appreciate the fury of these arguments, the wild propaganda, the seething mobs that move at a political catcall. The fecundity of this book overpowers one. The invention never pauses, characters leap out of every side street, the war never ceases between Semite and anti-Semite. At the end of 320 pages the reader is dazed. It is all part of Baron Hatvany's plan. He is a tireless propagandist; he sets the stage and brings across it a cavalcade that dazzles the spectator. If you like novels that present the Central European scene, you will like this *tour de force* in which a hundred years of oppression are mirrored in a boy's eyes.

We are still in Central Europe with *The Iron Crown*, by Friedrich Von Gagern (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). The scene is set in Croatia and Carniola, once possessions of Hungary, now in Jugo Slavia. Von Gagern, a native of this country, draws upon his own people for his vivid, violent story of Marco Ubanvitch, a simple peasant who, in revolt, commits a murder and becomes a fugitive from justice. He takes to banditry, and wages a terrible warfare against landowners, priests, and Jews. Anti-Magyar, pan-Slav agitation runs through this story, lit with the fires of burning houses. It is again immensely long, nearly 500 pages, a story of oppression and revolt, told with tremendous gusto and tireless invention. But I must confess that at the end I tired of Croatian fury, of racial animosity.

I turned to Miss Storm Jameson for comfort. Her novel, *That was Yesterday* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), is of that fearful length which seems sure to obtain favourable notice from the critics, because most of them will not be able to read it through in time for the delivery of their weekly cargo. Unhappily I had had too much strong meat from Central Europe to be in a digestive mood for *That was Yesterday*. It is a placid, slow moving patient chronicle of a woman who seeks to shake off a domineering husband and finally succeeds. But I cannot think Miss Jameson, for all her cleverness, is justified in taking 560 pages of close print to follow the mental processes of a woman-novelist impatient with her husband. He could have been got rid of much quicker, especially with the Great War appearing in the book. Miss Jameson is a good writer, but her invention is poor and the weakness of *A Richer Dust* which came so near to an impressive performance stands forth in this present work. All the time I am asking for something to happen, and all the time these indecisive characters go on talking and dissipating their force in an orgy of self-analysis. I cannot dismiss a feeling that Miss Jameson is belittling herself with this infinite detail about finitesimal people.

In his book, *Authors and the Book Trade* (Howe. 5s.), Mr. Frank Swinnerton has told us the truth, but by no means the whole truth. He discusses the awful fate of being a professional writer, that is, a thin-skinned, nervy scribe who writes books in order that hysterical critics may bury him with absurd praise or abuse him with incredible vulgarity. He deals with that curious person, the literary agent, and on the whole, finds him good, though I have never been able to understand why he, alone among men, should make 10 per cent. in perpetuity of an author's earnings. He treads gingerly around the subject of the Book Society, and is more outspoken on the notorious literary cliques that disgrace the reviewing profession in London, for, as Mr. Swinnerton points out, practically the only disinterested reviewing, competently performed, comes from the provinces.

I could wish Mr. Swinnerton had had a word to say about the craze for awarding prizes to the pets of the hour. The amount of rubbish that has been "crowned" by critics posing as deities would make an excellent bonfire. It is time, too, that the publishers took their profession in hand. I have observed more than one critic who praises in print the selection he has made as paid reader to a publisher. It saves him reading, of course, and helps to endorse his selection. It accounts also for the prompt notices of some books, almost on the day of publication, along with others more than a month late. I think I shall take to the habit of presenting Mr. Swinnerton's book to all those who long to be authors. It should teach them that the ability to write will avail them nothing without the ability to pull strings. The mortality among good books is appalling, and the "immortality" among bad books is ludicrous. Mr. Swinnerton has gone so far along the road that I wish he had gone farther. It is time the bubble was pricked.

SEVEN WORTH WHILE NOVELS

"Bonfire: Stories Out of Soviet Russia," by S. KONOVALOV (Benn. 7s. 6d. net.); "The Children's Summer," by SHEILA KAYE-SMITH (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net); "Panama is Burning," by PHILIP LINDSAY (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net); "The Middle Child," by ELEANOR MORSE (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net); "A Chinese Triangle," by LOUISE JORDAN MILNE (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net); "Take It Crooked," by FRANCIS BEEDING (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net); "Mr. Jubenka," by ADRIAN ALINGTON (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net).

I wonder how it comes about that Mary Frances McHugh comes to write a story about an Irish Orphanage in *The Bud of the Spring* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). It is beautifully written, with a wealth of detail about the life of a small boy sent to the care of the Brothers at St. Damiens. Here is nothing startling, these small boys are neither vicious nor paragons, their smallest escapades are invested with a personal interest that holds the reader through every movement. There is indeed the fresh expectant quality of Spring about this book. The character of Eugene is slowly unfolded like the bud on the bough, there is pathos in the competition for friendship between the rough-minded, good-natured boy who knows he is for ever a mental outlaw, and the forceful quiet personality of Tatty. It would be difficult to put one's finger on a page of this book which is startling and outstanding and yet it produces an effect of compelling charm.

It is refreshing to learn from *The Bud of the Spring* that all orphanages are not cold storage houses for surplus children. The warm humanity of the brothers, of shy Brother Liguori, expert at throwing a ball into the air, of Brother Anthony, old, severe, and holy, who surprisingly turned into a conjurer at the Christmas feast, of Brother Flannan, worn out in the service of his school, and sent to die in loneliness in a retreat, it is all delicately presented, touched with the beauty and melancholy which spring from the evanescence of youth.

How different in theme and treatment is *Death Rattle* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), by Hans Gobsch. Here we are in the world of high diplomacy. It is a prophetic story, and I hope the prophecy will not be fulfilled. The hero, Brandt, is the Foreign Minister of France. He is a kind of Briand, with a passion for peace. A giant aeroplane carries him on his mission across the Atlantic. He is tireless in his determination to weld the nations. Friction arises between

(Continued on p. 460)

TOBIAS AND FRIEND—AND BEARD! Mr. Frederick Piper and Mr. Harold Meade, the father of the fatal bride won by Raphael for Tobias

PLAYS—

C. B. Cochran Does it Again, this without Tom Walls: A Brilliant and

By PHILIP

Charm, charm, and yet again charm. There is enough charm in *The Cat and the Fiddle* to make the cow jump over the moon, even if there is not much sport for the gay little dogs-about-town to laugh at. The new musical entertainment at the Palace is one of the least American things that have ever come from America, and how it can have survived so long at the Globe Theatre, New York, without some ass putting what he imagines to be "pep" into it is one of those mysteries for which we should be profoundly grateful. There is a close resemblance to *Bitter Sweet*, not in detail but in style; since Mr. Noel Coward is a better dramatist than Mr. Otto Harbach but a vastly inferior musician to Mr. Jerome Kern, the comparison works out about level.

The Cat and the Fiddle proves a lot of things about which it is not necessary to worry over-much. But it does prove one important fact, which is that it is possible for a musical entertainment to be delightful without any humour of the conventional type, and without a musical comedy comedian at all. I do not remember any really funny moment in this piece, except a certain episode in a dressing-room, involving a box of flowers reaching an embarrassingly wrong destination. This I thought funny, but I have since been told so frequently that it was not funny but indecent that I am beginning to wonder whether, so far as I am concerned, a sense of propriety and a sense of humour are alike astray. My critical colleagues, with one exception, thought this little scene very terrible but proclaimed Mr. H. M. Harwood's farce about burial exquisitely amusing and in the best of taste.

There is no question, however, about the good taste of Mr. William Mollison's production of an Henri Murgeresque story of how an American girl studying light music in Brussels fell in love with a Rumanian boy studying heavy music, and how there was a misunderstanding, and how the local Mr. Cochran wanted the girl to marry him, and engaged both of them to write music for the same piece, and stood nobly aside when the reconciliation came. The story is allowed to tell itself simply and dramatically. When the chorus appear they appear as a background and to sing some pretty music. They do not pretend to be scissors or waves of the sea, or a steam engine or whatever novel imagery the mighty brain of the dance producer happens to think out for them. Even a couple of "hoofers" are part of the plot, the girl-partner (Miss Gina Malo) being a very vital part, particularly as regards her legs, which perform a sort of humorous monologue whenever the story threatens to move too slowly. The only concession to jazz-dancing as such is a *macabre* procession of four gesticulating figures before a dark curtain. These seemed to me designed to reveal the grim, hollow nonsense of the back-to-Africa music—a display which nearly every revue takes perfectly seriously. The remainder of the music switches neatly from catchiness to polyphony, each good of its kind. "She wouldn't say 'yes,' she wouldn't say 'no,'" is an infectious little tune; yet Mr. Kern can, and does, write contrapuntally without being pretentiously academic.

BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE: Mr. Frederick Piper and Miss Hermione Baddeley, Tobias, in wedding garments, is prepared to risk the terrors of the nuptial night

DAEMON AND DEMON: Mr. Henry Ainley as Raphael and Mr. Alan Trotter as Asmoday in this brilliant modernized version at the Westminster

Pictures of Tobias and the Angel by Pollard Crowther

Time at the Palace: The Aldwych Unique Production at the Westminster

PAGE

The acting honours are shared by Mlle Delysia, M. Henri Leoni, and Miss Gina Malo. The first-named is as slim and charming as she was when she first burst on London in—well, never mind how many years ago. As a jealous actress (there is a play within a play) she lets her personality go right ahead, but she has the technique to back it up. M. Henri Leoni, as an elderly, wandering minstrel of a very un-Sullivanesque type, sings and acts deliciously, and Miss Malo, as I have already hinted, is sheer electricity. The heroine is played by Miss Peggy Wood. Clever actress though she is, she allows a certain didactic element to appear in her work. A good performance, though. Mr. Francis Lederer was, on the first night, too pale-faced and shambling, and seemed to be speaking many of his lines as if he had learned them parrot-fashion, which may have been the case. There is not much of the "Rule Britannia" element in *The Cat and the Fiddle*, and native performers are well in the background. But considering their limited opportunities Mr. Morton Selten, Mr. Martyn Walker, and dainty Miss Babs Valerie did admirably. So did that fine actor, Mr. Austin Trevor.

Some hard work must be put into *Dirty Work*, the new Aldwych farce, if it is to come within an appreciable distance of its predecessors. That is such a high standard that I do not mean to imply that it is not a good entertainment and far better than nine out of ten of the farces produced elsewhere in London. But the plot, which I will not attempt to describe since I had to give up grappling with it, is too complicated and not intrinsically funny enough. The author has concentrated on types rather than situations, save when Mr. J. Robertson Hare, without whom an Aldwych farce would be unthinkable, provides both. For Mr. Hare is a situation in himself. It matters little what he does or has done to him. In one of these farces they took his trousers off; in this one they take his moustache off. He is the glorious mug, cautious respectability in a constant quandary. Mr. Ralph Lynn is also himself again—easy, nonchalant, loquacious, and amusingly apologetic.

For Miss Mary Brough little is provided except an occasional malapropism; her brusque personality is always leading us to expect that she is going to be very funny indeed, and, through no fault of her own, we are being constantly disappointed. Miss Constance Carpenter plays a rather shadowy part with a sure touch, and is quite charming.

I foresee the sales of the Apocrypha going up with a bound. The Westminster Theatre—*ex Africa aliquid semper novi*, and there is at any rate a near-Ethiopian nightly on the stage of the Westminster—gives London fine novelties. From Edinburgh in the days of Dr. Knox, the anatomist, to Nineveh in the days of Tobit is a far stretch. But Mr. James Bridie tackles both periods with Caledonian acumen, and a rare sense of literature and the stage. His *Tobias and the Angel* is as deeply interesting a piece of work as *The Anatomist*, and it has poetic qualities which the latter did not attempt. One cannot be poetical over selling corpses to a one-eyed surgeon. But about an archangel one can indulge in splendid flights of fancy, particularly when the archangel is played by Mr. Henry Ainley,

Yet, with infinite skill, the author has avoided clothing a Biblical, or semi-Biblical story, wholly in his own attempt at Biblical language. That way disaster lies, as was found recently in the case of a dull play about Samson. Mr. Bridie takes the quaint tale of Tobias and Tobit and the only domestic pet mentioned in the whole of religious literature—what more human sentence is there than, "So they went forth both, and the young man's dog went with them"?—and he makes something that never ceases to be alive even in its weakest moments. Not much of it is weak. The first act is as near perfection as anything I have seen on the stage for many a year. So is the latter part of the last act. Had the intervening portion been up to that level *Tobias and the Angel* would be a masterpiece. It comes very, very near being a masterpiece as it is.

Old Tobit had been rich but is now blind and poor. He sits in his hut with his wife, quite cheerful and quite amusing. His wife potters about with the cooking and his son Tobias, not brainy, not handsome, but not unlovable, potters about with a dog. The Archangel Raphael, disguised as a slave, enters and accompanies the son on his travels. He guides him through dangers, works miracles for him, secures him a rich wife without suffering him to die a violent death (as her seven previous husbands had died), and brings him home safe to his parents, curing his father of blindness. Not until the last scene is the identity of the Archangel revealed. The exquisite lighting effects, Mr. Ainley's acting, and the author's language, make this revelation an unforgetable moment.

For the rest, *Tobias and the Angel* is a queer mixture of pantomime, Shavian farce, homely colloquialism, and Oriental eroticism. Bad acting would have ruined it, for its apparent naiveté is like the bloom on a plum—a rough touch and it is gone. Mr. Morland Graham as Tobit and Mr. Frederick Piper (startlingly like the late Alfred Lester in appearance) as Tobias could not have been better. And I must not forget the dog. If ever a dog had a sense of humour as well as a sense of the stage, here was one.

Miss Margaret Bannerman has not been seen on the stage of late as frequently as her talents deserve. But not only as a "next best thing" do I welcome her debut in the talkies. *Two White Arms*, in which she makes her first appearance in a new medium, seems at times to be unable to make up its mind whether to be mainly funny or mainly sentimental; the mixture is rather a queer one. But the story will serve well enough and it never bores. Miss Bannerman is undoubtedly a success. She has mastered an entirely new technique with a touch as sure as if she had been at the job as long as has the suave and elegant Mr. Adolphe Menjou who plays "opposite" her. Her restraint is admirable, and she looks lovely.

Two White Arms, by the way, is a British film, made and directed over here, though the camera-man, the director, and, of course, Mr. Menjou have been imported from America. Nothing could be more British than Miss Ellis Jeffreys (who is more like a duchess than any real duchess ever was), Miss Jean Cadell, pretty Miss Jane Baxter and the amusingly imbecile Mr. Kenneth Kove.

"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE": The opening moment of the new C. B. Cochran show. This production is likely to fill the Palace for many moons to come. The stars in the cast are Miss Peggy Wood, seen above, (her opening repartees are delicious) Mr. Francis Lederer, and Mlle Delysia

AN ENGLISH COMEDY AT THE COMÉDIE ANGLAISE: The finale of the first act of *Derby Day*, the A. P. Herbert Operetta at the Lyric, Hammersmith. In the front line Mr. Scott Russell, Miss Tessa Deane, Mr. Leslie French, and Miss Mabel Constanduros may be discerned

SUCCESSES OF THE LONDON STAGE

"SO FAR AND NO FATHER": A scene from the H. M. Harwood comedy at the Ambassador's. On left is Miss Frances Ruttledge. In centre is Miss Marie Tempest, who plays the delightfully distracted mother and on the right are the two troublesome children, Mr. Robert Andrews and Miss Frances Rorie

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

A HELP TO RAMBLERS AND SCRAMBLERS: Good services of motor-buses percolate Lakeland to the delight of the weary—and the lazy!

HIKING to the HILLTOPS of LAKELAND

All through the year scrambling upon the breezy heights of the English Lake District mountains makes one of the most delightful holidays, and especially so in spring and early summer (Easter is a most beautiful season), the greens are vivid and fresh and flowers are in all their beauty, daffodils, "wind-flowers" (wood anemones),

A MOUNTAIN LOVED BY WORDSWORTH: Blackcombe an easy climb, from whose summit Wales, Ireland, Man, Scottish, and seven English counties can be seen

blue-bells, primroses, wild cherry, crab-apple, and, in the orchards, damson, pear, and apple-blossom. Beside some of the lakes and tarns, yellow globe flowers (ranunculus), make a gorgeous display, as do king-cups (marsh marigolds), and there are woodlands where lilies-of-the-valley grow modestly amid their rich green leaves, scenting the air far and wide with their delicate perfume. And Autumn tints are gorgeous.

You can get to the foot of the Lake District mountains quite easily by car, cycle, or even (in some cases), by motor-bus. I strongly recommend those who are unacquainted with the Lake District mountains and who are not versed in mountain climbing with its pitfalls for those who do not know when and where to beware of them, to go for a few climbs accompanied by one of the Lakeland Guides whose headquarters are at Keswick. By so doing you will obtain familiarity with the mountains and climbing technique to which you will be introduced by experts of the craft, and you will be shown the best routes and the best way of making ascents. The Chief Lakeland Guide is Mr. J. B. Wright, Seatoller House, Borrowdale, Keswick, Cumberland, and you can interview the Guide at 10, Main Street, Market Square, Keswick, any morning except Saturdays. The guides escort some very interesting mountain ascents which include that of Skiddaw by night to see the sun rise, Sca Fell Pike (the highest mountain in England), by way of the famous Piers Ghyll, and Great Gable (Wasdalehead), which is probably the most-climbed mountain in Lakeland. Here the conducted party is "parked" in a safe and comfortable natural grandstand, and the guides make an ascent of the world-famous "Napes Needle," a rock-pinnacle which is one of *the* rock-climbs of the Lake District, in full view of the spectators. On the summit of Great Gable is the War Memorial of those members of the rock-climbing fraternity who fell in the Great War, and across the valley of Wasdalehead, on the summit of Sca Fell Pike is the memorial to the men of the Lake District who also fell in that Titanic struggle.

One of the best mountains I know to start on for would-be unpractised climbers is Harter Fell in Eskdale. This mountain is very easily reached, it is simple to ascend, and affords a good view when you have reached the top. There is a little natural enclosure of slabs of the volcanic rock of which the mountain is composed, which makes a delightful shelter from cold blasts, where a meal can be eaten in comfort without getting chilled, right on the summit of Harter Fell.

Another very easily reached mountain which makes an even more easily climbed "breather" than Harter Fell, is Blackcombe, a hump-backed mountain which dominates the whole of the south-west coast of Cumberland, staring out across the Duddon Estuary to Lancashire and far out to sea. On a clear day with field glasses you can see Snowdon in Wales and the Mourne Mountains in Ireland from the summit of Blackcombe.

Coniston Old Man is one of the easy climbs, easy to reach, and affording fine views; it is 2,633 ft. in height. Grouped about it is a family party of less-famous mountains, all good meat for the hiker's boots: Brown Pike (2,289 ft.), Grey Friar (2,537 ft.), Fairfield (2,611 ft.), Wetherlam (2,502 ft.), which provide plenty of scrambles for several days' entertainment. Seathwaite in Duddondale or Coniston are either of them a good base for this group.

ON THE SLOPES OF SCA FELL: One of the routes up the great Lakeland mountain

Silverpoint of Lakeland

AMPHIBIAN DELIGHT is the portion of those on the pier, water below them—but no motion under their feet; sea breezes—and shelter close at hand

SCRAMBLING OVER THE ROCKS is one of the great amusements of the south coast; one needs sure feet in stout shoes, however, to brave the groynes

OVERLOOKING THE OLD TOWN: A cheery group on a height above Hastings whose modern amenities have not swamped the picturesque old-world fishing village

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

MORNING COFFEE is something of a rite, and, as one meets at one resort on the pier; at another by the band, so at Hastings the terrace of the White Rock Pavilion is the favourite matutinal gathering place

HASTINGS BY DAY

RINK HOCKEY is a popular sport at Hastings—a game that rivals ice hockey in speed and strenuousness. This is one of the few centres where roller-skating enthusiasts may still practise their avocation

ONE OF THE FINEST INDOOR BOWLING RINKS IN ENGLAND is that at Hastings—a resort which is taking full advantage of the "Buy British" and "Stay in Britain" campaigns

THE RITE OF TERPSICHORE is honoured in many of the Hastings centres, notably, as seen above, in the Queen's Hotel. Great efforts are being made to transform Hastings into a resort with a strong Winter appeal

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

A NOTABLE BROADCAST: One of the excellent concerts given under municipal auspices at the White Rock Pavilion—one of the many admirable activities stimulated by the town authorities

HASTINGS BY NIGHT

ALPINE SCENERY IN THE ULTIMATE EAST: A glen in Japan that recalls the beauty of Summer scenes in the Uplands of Switzerland

HIKING in the FLOWERY KINGDOM of JAPAN

Hiking has been the fashion in Japan for centuries. It owes its origin to the time-honoured custom of religious pilgrimages. As some of the most noted shrines are situated on the peaks of sacred mountains, a foundation had been laid for the sport of mountaineering which of late years and under foreign influence has acquired some popularity. The secular mountaineer will prefer the central ranges which have come to be known as "The Japanese Alps." The less pretentious "hiker" finds in any part of Japan conditions which offer a sufficient incentive to undertake a walking tour in attractive scenery and over well-defined routes. Inns are plentiful and clean, and as the Japanese have a passion for hot baths, one can always find comfort at the end of a long day.

It is not surprising that a country so well adapted for pedestrian excursions should have invited foreign tourists to wander off the beaten track of globe trotters' show places. For the European the chief difficulty is the food. The staple articles of Japanese diet are boiled rice, eggs, fish and tea, but it is the necessary supplements to these required by the European which make it impossible to "live on the country" during the tour. A stock of extra food must be carried.

In the matter of clothing, the kit adopted by the "hiker" in Europe will be found suitable for Japan. If one can accustom oneself to the native footgear of *tabi* (a sock with separate partition for the great toe) and *waraji* (straw sandal) so much the better; otherwise a spare pair of boots must be taken as it is impossible to get boots repaired except in the large towns, and the broken volcanic lava, the usual soil of Japan, is very hard on leather. Food, spare clothing, boots, camera, and guide book will make the pack uncomfortably heavy. It is usual to hire a coolie, of either sex, who, having no personal impedimenta, will carry enough gear for two or three travellers, and will act as guide. At a steady pace of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, a coolie will consider 15 miles a day a reasonable stage over ordinary up and down country paths, and allowing for halts will cover the distance in about eight hours.

Halts are made at wayside tea-houses, where hot water, with or without tea, can be obtained. For bathing and as a beverage the Japanese like water as hot as possible.

The scenery presents a continual and varied panorama of mountain, forest, sea-coast, and cultivated valley. In spring the fruit trees are in blossom; in autumn the forest trees are clad in gorgeous colouring. Every person you meet on the road gives a friendly greeting, and, if going in the same direction, will join forces with you.

On arrival the footgear is removed and the feet are washed at the entrance, for no dirt may be brought indoors. The inns are spotlessly clean. While waiting for "the honourable bath" to which guests are invited in order of their arrival, tea is served.

To be on the road next morning by seven or eight at the latest is not so difficult as it sounds, for there is no inducement to lie abed in a Japanese inn. The banging of wooden shutters being thrown open, followed by the flapping of dusters, and other matutinal bustle resound through the flimsy partitions of wood and paper and put further repose out of the question.

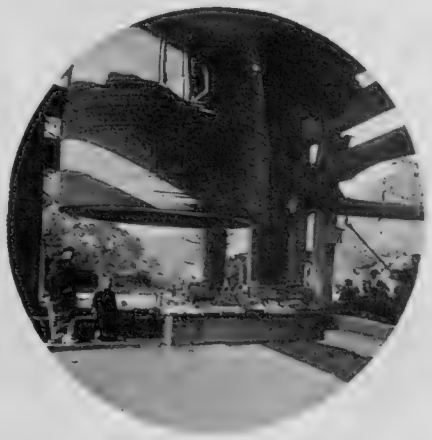
Ewing Galloway

FUJIYAMA, a walk round whose base is to a Japanese what the Mecca pilgrimage is to a Muslim or ablution in the Ganges is to a Hindu. One such devout pilgrim is seen above near Yoshida

Having settled the bill for the night's lodging, and received in return a souvenir of a fan or small towel, the traveller's departure is speeded by a chorus of "Please come again" from the staff of the inn.

Four or five days of travel in this fashion will generally bring the tourist to a resort boasting a small "European" hotel, whose chief attraction will be a square meal based on chicken, Hamburg steak, and bread. A halt of a day or two, during which the food supply is replenished, and clothing washed and dried, and another start can be made.

James Weymouth

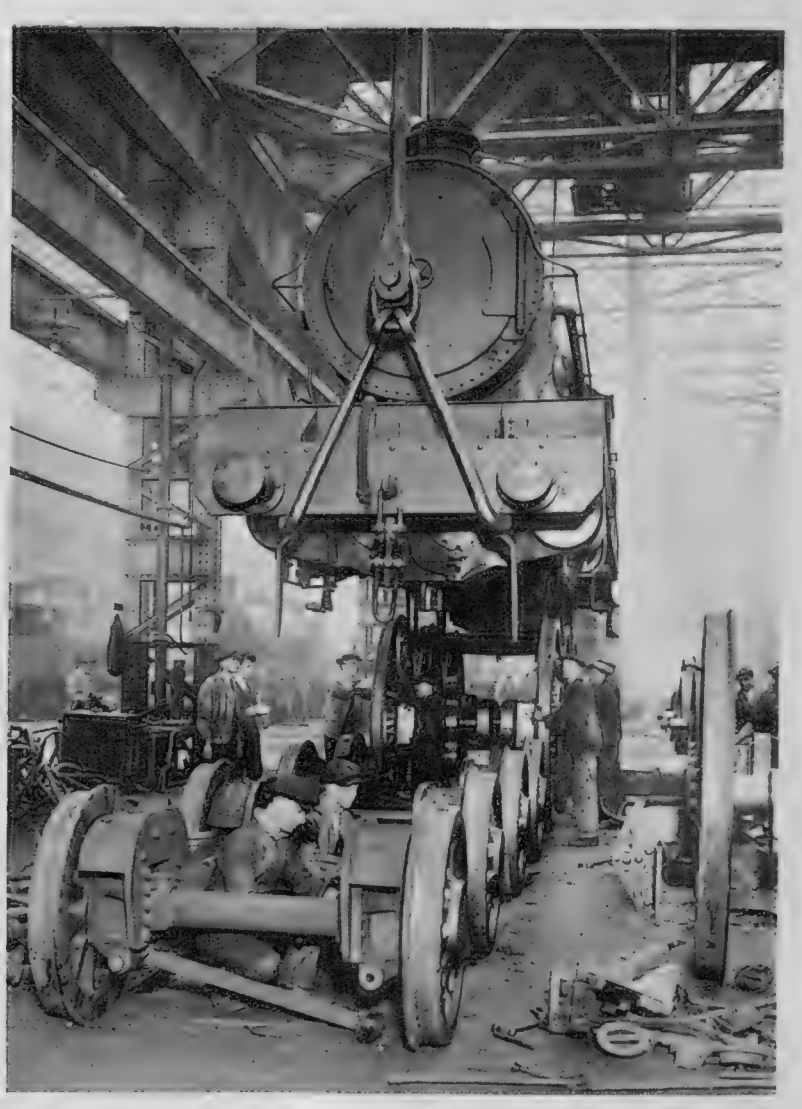


Ewing Galloway

THE GIGANTIC BELL OF NARA, rung by swinging a battering ram against it, is in a famous Shinto-ist centre

A SIGNALLING INNOVATION: The type of interlocking frame installed at Westbourne Bridge new signal-box on the G.W.R. consists of a number of slides arranged with handles pointing alternately up and down, thus economising in space without crowding the operator. The interlocking between slides is obtained by means of electric locks, one to each slide. When conditions are correct for a slide to be pulled a white light appears above it

DIGGING A TUNNEL UNDERNEATH PASSING TRAINS: Business trains on the Shoeburyness–London line are starting three minutes earlier as they have to pass over a section near Southend East Station where a tunnel is under construction to relieve Summer congestion

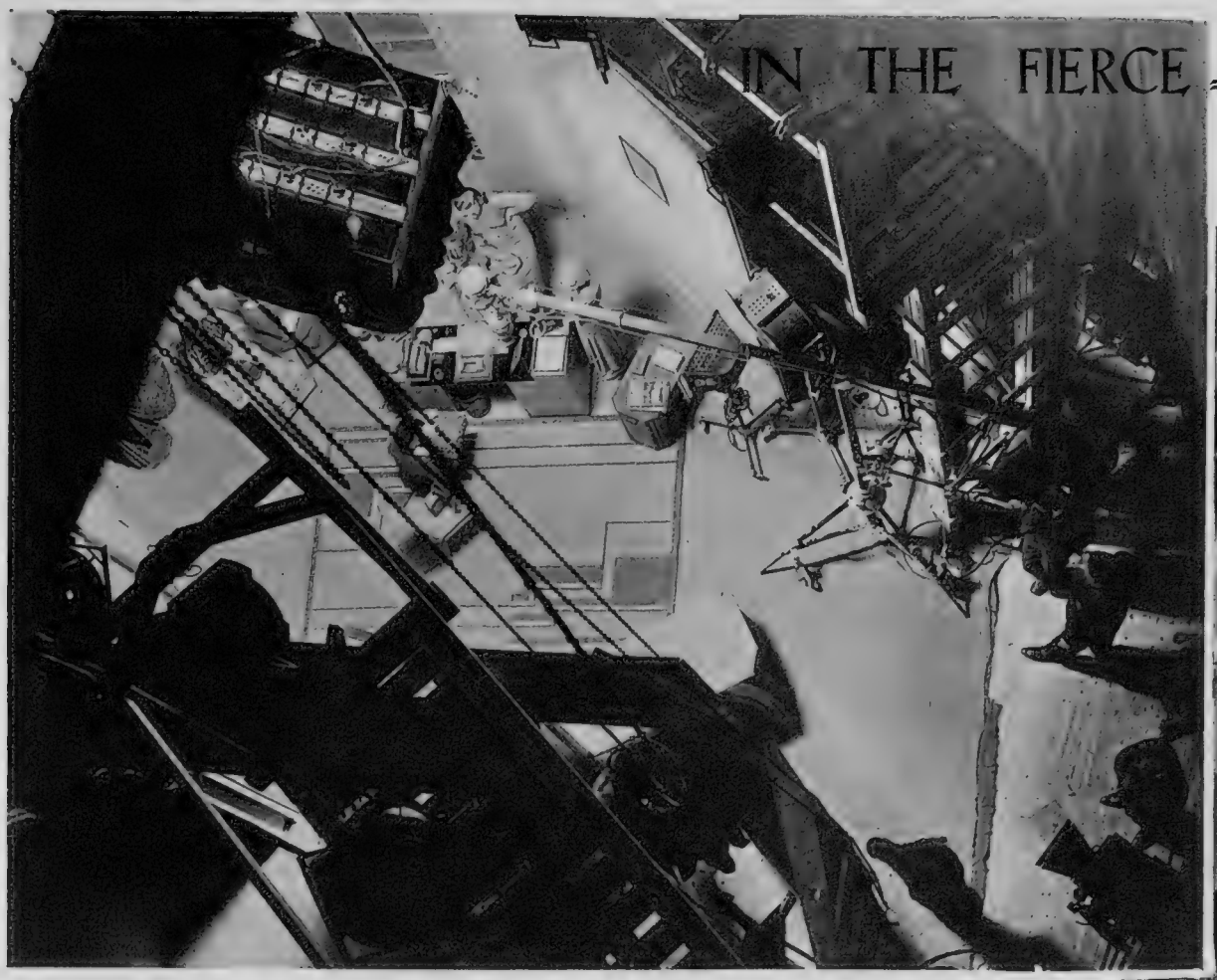


THE ROYAL SCOT TYPE: Huge cranes lift one of the new 85-ton express locomotives at Crewe. One hundred and thirty new locomotives are to be constructed this year in pursuance of the policy of standardization adopted by the L.M.S., locomotive tractive power is to be increased by 30 per cent. and their running costs reduced by 24 per cent. Standardization has already raised average tractive power by 12½ per cent.

RAILWAY NEWS of the MOMENT

FROM DUBLIN TO BRAY BY THE NEW DRUMM ELECTRIC BATTERY TRAIN: The new electrical train which, following experiment, has been inaugurated by the Great Southern Railways Company to cope with the intensified suburban service. The trains operate up to 300 miles per day. Battery charging occurs during incidental halts at termini and average 15 minutes per hour; at night the only attention necessary is to top up the cells of the battery once every 1,000 miles—which takes 2½ to 3 hours per train unit. The train seen above consists of a driver's compartment, 3rd non-smoking (seating 16), vestibule, 3rd smoking (seating 60), switch gear, H.T., and guard's van compartments, 3rd non-smoking (seating 26), 1st smoking (seating 21), vestibule, 1st non-smoking (seating 17), and driver's compartment

IN THE FIERCE-LIT CRADLES of MAKE-BELIEVE

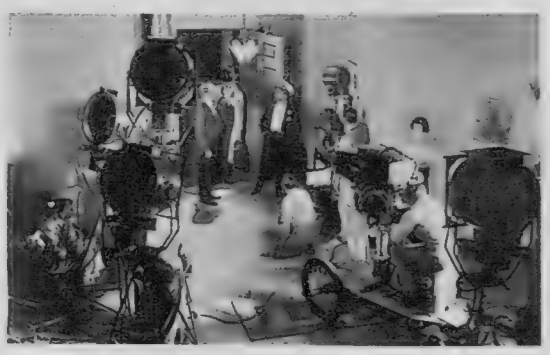


NEWS: Mr. Stewart Rome and Miss Mary Newcomb are greeted with news of an unsanctioned engagement by Miss Ann Casson in "The Marriage Bond," filmed at Twickenham

THE STRANGLER: A scene from one of the new B.I.P. thrillers released by Pathé. It was directed by Mr. Norman Leigh (in pullover)

EAST AND WEST: Miss Celia Glun (Nadine) and Mr. Abraham Sofaer (Mahdi) in The House Opposite *— a B.I.P. thriller*

AN ALL-WOMAN PLAY FILMED: An overhead shot taken in the new A.R.P. film studios at Ealing during the production of Nine Till Six*—the maiden effort of these most modern of European studios. Mr. Basil Dean is producing the talkie version of the* tour de force *which was so successful on the stage. This picture was taken from the gantry and the microphone is discernible on the end of the travelling arm*



B.I.P.: A scene during a recent production by Mr. Lupino Lane at Elstree, in which Mr. Stanley Lupino played a principal rôle—one of the many examples of new effort in British pictures

A BRITISH PRODUCTION distinguished by the richness hitherto characteristic only of American screen effort is "The Marriage Bond," a scene from which appears above. The character portrayed by Mr. Guy Newall arrives intoxicated at a pre-hunt ball dinner, to the embarrassment of his intimate circle, played by Miss Mary Newcomb, Miss Ann Casson, and Mr. Lewis Shaw. This Twickenham production, directed by Mr. Maurice Elvey, shows vividly the immense strides made in British production during the past few months

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

* I

BEAUTY

In a Bedroom and Some Modern Bathrooms

This delightful apartment has walls of old gold, a cherry-coloured carpet, and a sky ceiling decorated with stars

A CHARMING BEDROOM

This room is the best-bedroom at 60, Evelyn Gardens, the residence of Mrs. Fernie; decorated by Elwes, Ltd., Aldford Street, Park Lane

The Roman fashion of receiving in the bath might well be revived if one's bathroom were as attractive as this

The bathroom is one of the important places in a house, and the illustrations show some typically modern bathrooms, these being a few examples of the enormous variety of rose, pink, red, blue, yellow, grey blue, polished steel, black as well as white baths that can be obtained to-day. Glass is ubiquitous; together with stainless steel it forms, perhaps, the most important medium for bathroom decoration in the modern style; the opaque lines may be obtained in any colour ranging from black to white, including various mottled and marked treatments, while the mirror type is no longer plain silvered, but ranges into the most attractive tints of peach, rose, amber, gold, copper, blue, and green, not to speak of engravings and sand-blastings.

Mr. Serge Chermayeff, one of the earliest modern decorators in England, has produced the ideal type of bathroom. Imagine a floor in black, red, and white rubber, curtains of red oiled silk and a white bath set in a black veined marble surround, in a room whose walls are lined to door height with a polished Aluminium Plymax dado. The walls above and at the side of the bath are lined with steel-framed mirrors, and there is a glass splash back. It is easy to see what fascinating reflections come about in a room of this sort. The lighting is the most efficient type of all—strips along the top of the mirrors and the dado.

A bathroom by Mr. Oliver Hill shows an equally successful though completely different treatment. The novel shaped bath, raised on a slight dais, is in solid bianco del mare marble inlaid with bands of vermilion Venetian glass mosaic. The brilliant-cut peach mirrors are set in receding planes with bevelled pilasters. Curtains, again, are of oiled silk, and the lighting of this red-and-white bathroom is diffused through a glass ceiling.

Different again are these two bathrooms in Mrs. Woolley-Hart's delightful house. The one exemplifies the modern use of paint; the painted wall and design are at the same time more permanent and more easily changed than any other form of decoration. The trees are black and the monkeys blue on a ground of deep cream; American cloth is a rival to oiled silk in its decorative utility, black being the colour chosen in this bathroom, where the bath is blue while its casing is black.

Remote from any of the foregoing in its classic simplicity is the gold-green-and-red bathroom; it reminds us immediately of the sumptuousness of Rome in the days of Petronius Arbiter.

Beauty has invaded the bathroom, as this bath, in solid white marble, inlaid with bands of vermilion glass mosaic. Oliver Hill

Here is a gay and attractive bathroom in a polychromatic scheme—yellow, cream, black, and blue being used. The curtains of shiny black American cloth have a delightfully "clean" look

Ingenious lighting renders this a stimulating bathroom treatment. Curious and fantastic shadows are cast by the illumination, and the use of mirrors intensifies the effect. Chermayeff

THE WORLD OF WOMEN * II

HATS

"Which Come before the Swallows Dare"

There is a touch of rustic simplicity about this yellow Talbot straw simply trimmed with grosgrain ribbon and small celluloid ornament

HATS OF THE SPRING

Rustic, too, is this Suzanne Talbot hat of black straw, turned up at the side and back, and trimmed with a small black-and-white posy

Miss Yvonne Marling, daughter of Sir Charles Marling, considers a tilted black straw of British design and manufacture. The hat is trimmed with plaited velvet ribbon

The Countess of Seafield wears a Dolly Varden model in black pedaline with a trapping of velvet flowered in the new Capucine shade. This is a new all-British Spring model

Lady Tiverton adopts a British adaptation of a Watteau model. The great majority of chic women to-day are buying British, the slogan having, perchance, "gone to their heads!"

The early straws are already indicating which way fashion's breezes are to blow. They follow the angle set by the saucy felts of the winter which were one of the cheering incidents of a somewhat gloomy year. Happily, woman always has that glorious panacea for depression—a new hat. So possibly it may well be that the deeper the gloom, the saucier the hat.

Whatever the reason, our hats are definitely set on being worn at a rakish angle and are so created and shaped that it is no manner of use the more serious minded amongst us trying to place them firmly and straight on the head, as they just aren't made that way. They are frankly frivolous things whose sole aim is to cheer and become womankind. One simply *can't* write seriously about them—one's pen just runs away with one!

Hat trimmings generally are simple and consist of a tiny posy of field flowers or a small bow of ribbon, perched precariously on the top side, back of the turned up brim. Straws are mostly shiny, and the bit of a brim that is permitted is infinitely more becoming than the bare exposed foreheads which showed up so ruthlessly such wrinkles as we possessed. It also turned increased attention to our eyebrows which were plucked to the thin pencilled line and shaped to one's individual taste. Now it is the left side of the head that is bared and needs the greatest attention and most careful hairdressing so that each portion of one's person in turn needs to be *soignée*. Extreme lightness is a feature of the straws and many are stripped to gain this effect. The Anita Loos coiffure seems to be gaining ground. This consists of a few stray wisps being thinned and pointed to lie flat against the cheek and across the forehead, but it is by no means everybody's style.

The béret shape persists in straw being worn well over the right ear with a posy or ribbon adorning it at a fly-away angle on the top side (or side top, which you will). Many wear a short, fine veil to keep the hair in place, for particularly those no longer young cannot afford to have a blown-about look.

To achieve success in your purchase this season is to study well the new modes in the milliners' windows, and if you do not possess that inner sense that instantly recognizes which is *your* hat at sight, put yourself in the hands of a good milliner. A Spring hat is our immediate need, and it seems never so crisp or fresh as in the early months of the year. So buy your Spring hat in March, and your autumn one at the end of August. It will give that much-coveted sensation of being ahead of the others.

Very original is the brim shape of this creme straw, trimmed with bands of narrow red felt on the crown and a red silk flower on the left side

Wide red felt ends show up sharply against the black shiny straw of this sailor shape which gains much from the angle at which it is worn

HERALDS of the SPRING

The Second of a Short Series of Natural History Articles

II—MARCH MIGRANTS

THE BLUFFER: At the end of March the Buzzard will be busy nesting and hunting for food mainly on the Welsh hills and the Devon and Cornish coasts. Despite his ferocious appearance, he is the least daring of his clan

On left—THE MARCH HARE: He is not so mad either as his prototype in *Alice*, or his appearance might lead one to suppose. He is seen in hiding, but when Spring stirs the blood in his veins, he is among the liveliest of animals

On right—THE REED WARBLER who is one of our charming early immigrants

THE WHEATEAR is one of the first spring migrants to arrive; in favourable weather it will be seen on the moors at the beginning of March. It comes from Africa, returning in the autumn. All kinds of curious places are chosen for nesting sites. In this illustration the birds took possession of an old broken pan which was lying on the seashore well above high-water mark. Nests have been found in a portion of an exploded shell, and under a silk hat that was standing on the ground

Birds which winter in the most desolate tracts of Africa are now arriving in this country. In our meadows, on the sea-shore and especially on large lonely commons a small sprightly bird with a conspicuous white rump will certainly be seen flitting from mound to mound; this is the wheatear and one of the earliest of the Spring visitors. It can be recognised owing to its upright carriage when at rest, the pure white and black of its plumage, and its habit of settling on prominent spots where it repeatedly bows and flicks its wings. And it has now come back all the way from tropical Africa for the sole purpose of bringing up a family in this island, where millions upon millions of its companions of various species will soon follow. Arriving early, it has the advantage of being able to select its breeding ground, and several weeks before the other immigrants have thought of nesting, the wheatear will be found sitting on her pale blue eggs concealed in a cosy nest in a hole in the ground.

On a certain part of the southern coast where the sea has been receding for many years, leaving behind a great tract of shingle, wheatears are common, for a desolate wilderness such as this is a spot they love. Dotted over the stones there are many old boxes or tins, which have probably been thrown overboard from passing steamers; if these are well above high-water mark, and if it is possible for wheatears to get under them, each is almost sure to contain a nest, for the wheatear takes after the robin for choosing all kinds of strange places in which to build its home.

THE STONE CURLEW

Another little-known but attractive immigrant bird is the stone curlew or Norfolk plover. This winters in Northern or Eastern Africa, choosing the deserts and other lonely places. When it flies north for nesting purposes and arrives on these shores, it endeavours to find a spot in this country as much like its African home as possible. There are, however, few tracks here as desolate as the deserts which formed its winter resort, but such places as Salisbury Plain, the great tracks of shingle on the Kentish coast, the flint-covered acres in parts of Norfolk afford sanctuary for this long-legged ground bird. Its plumage harmonizes with the wild country over which it roams, being stone colour; even at close quarters it is not easy to distinguish from its surroundings when squatting low on the ground, or sitting on its eggs, but the large yellow eye is often very conspicuous.

Like the diminutive wheatear, it is an early breeder; there is practically no nest, a slight scratching in the ground made by the bird turning its body round and round makes the home for the two large and beautifully marked eggs.

THE SMALL WARBLERS

The small warblers, which do such unbounded good during their stay in this country by destroying insects, usually arrive in April, but the most cheery of all, and one of the smallest, the chiff-chaff, will sometimes arrive during March. On a few occasions I have heard the bright song from which it derives its name during the last week of this month, but if cold northerly winds come, they have a difficult task to find sufficient food to keep them alive until the warmth of the real Spring brings into being their favourite food. But with the warmer days well on their way, each twenty-four hours sees a vast army of Spring visitors arriving from the south.

An interesting feature of the migration season, rarely observed, even by those who make a hobby of spring and early summer phenomena, is the movement of our chirpy little town friend, the sparrow. He is quite the most human bird we have, and soon, if you take the trouble to search for him in his old familiar haunts, you will find him missing. As the sun gains strength and food begins to become plentiful in the countryside, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow set off for their summer holidays. In the country the cock sparrow becomes a really handsome bird. He arrives on the lands and in the villages a rather grimy individual, but a few showers of rain soon freshen his complexion. Even in the country it will be easy to recognize the town bird, because he is less shy than his country cousin; but he is not long in learning the lessons of safety, and if he does escape the farmer's gun and trap, he returns to town later in the year, plump and in fresh colour.

O. G. P.

Forgasses

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——or your car by a bit of steel?

——or your furniture by a bit of tree?

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——or your shoes by a bit of cow?

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P 232

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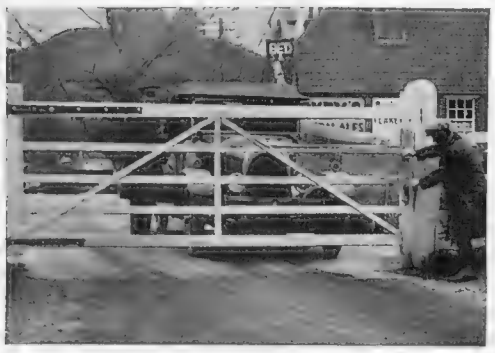


THE LAST IN SOMERSET: The Toll-bridge over the Parrett at Burrowbridge, the rights of which are auctioned while a sand-glass is turned

* THE PETROL WORLD *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

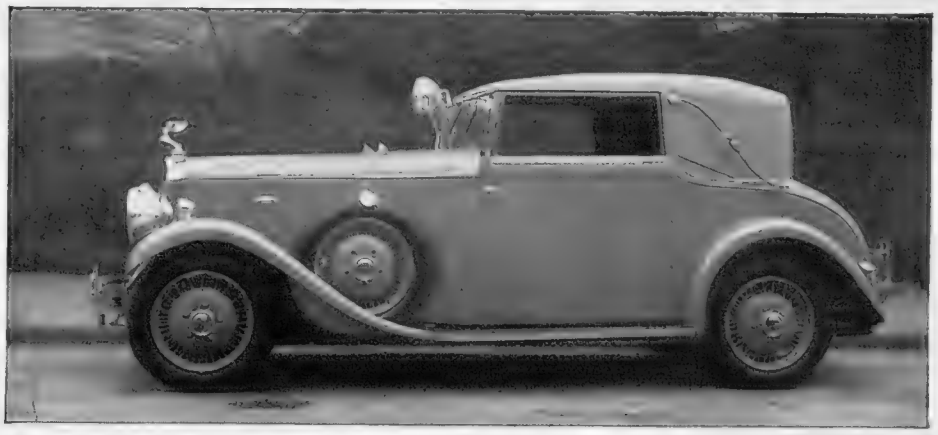
(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

"RALLY ROUND!"—The first British Motor Rally was a gigantic success from every point of view. The Royal Automobile Club, who were the promoters, deserve every bit of praise that can be bestowed upon them. Their organization operated without a hitch, in spite of the fact that they received almost twice as many entries as were anticipated, and it must not be forgotten that they had no previous experience of running this type of event. I was lucky enough to be a very humble official for the R.A.C., and I was, therefore, able to keep my eye on what was happening behind the scenes.

The clerk of the course, Captain A. W. Phillips, is an organizer born to the job, and the R.A.C. would, I am sure, agree with me that they are very lucky to have such an efficient individual as their chief competition official. I do not mind confessing that I and the fifteen other helpers who came down from London were distinctly nervous as to how we should park in a garage, examine for faults, and obtain signatures of the occupants of three-hundred-odd cars, all arriving between 9.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. When I remembered that the crews of these cars had been driving for forty-eight hours without proper sleep I was distinctly nervous as to how they would answer questions and manœuvre their cars in a restricted area, all according to orders. But I did not hear of one instance where any unpleasantness was experienced, and I am, therefore, led to believe that the competitors in this rally were all thorough sportsmen and sportswomen.

We also had cold feet at Torquay on the Friday morning when this large number of cars had to be put through their tests for slow running on top gear, acceleration, and brakes. To the amazement of the officials themselves the tests went through at the average rate of one car per minute on each testing ground. The competitors themselves were likewise astonished. The secret of this smooth and rapid running on the days in question was undoubtedly due to the very thorough preparation made beforehand by the capable organizer.

As regards Torquay, officials and competitors alike were all of the same opinion that the help received and the reception given by the authorities at Torquay left nothing to be desired. Although the capital of the English Riviera was not in a particularly warm mood, with the exception of an hour or two on the Thursday morning, the sun shone without interruption. If the rally is held again next year—and its success demands a repetition—the claims of Torquay as its terminating point are, in the light of experience, very strong.



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WINNING EVENTS AND PRAISE.—The results of the rally are a wonderful advertisement for the fluid flywheel and similar contrivances. Before the event was held there was quite an agitation to have the fluid flywheel banned, but I am glad to say that the R.A.C. refused to be coerced into any such action. This device is new but it is now a standard fitting on all Daimlers, Lanchesters,

(Continued on p. 454)

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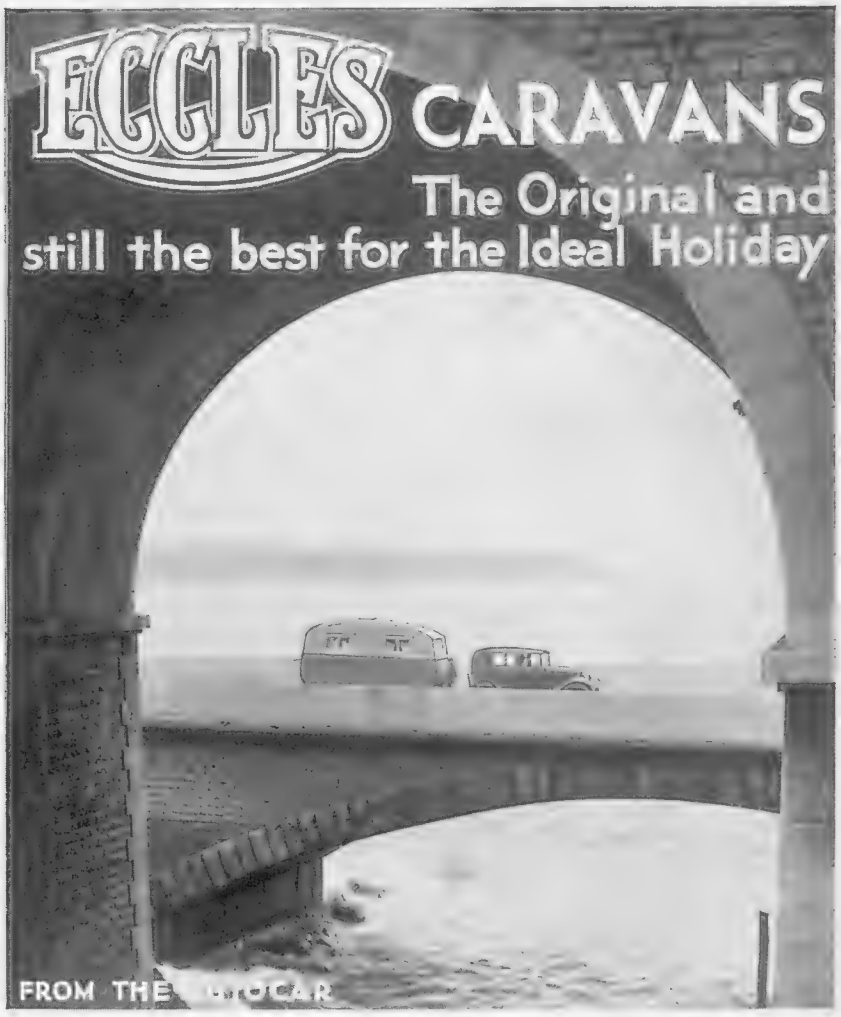

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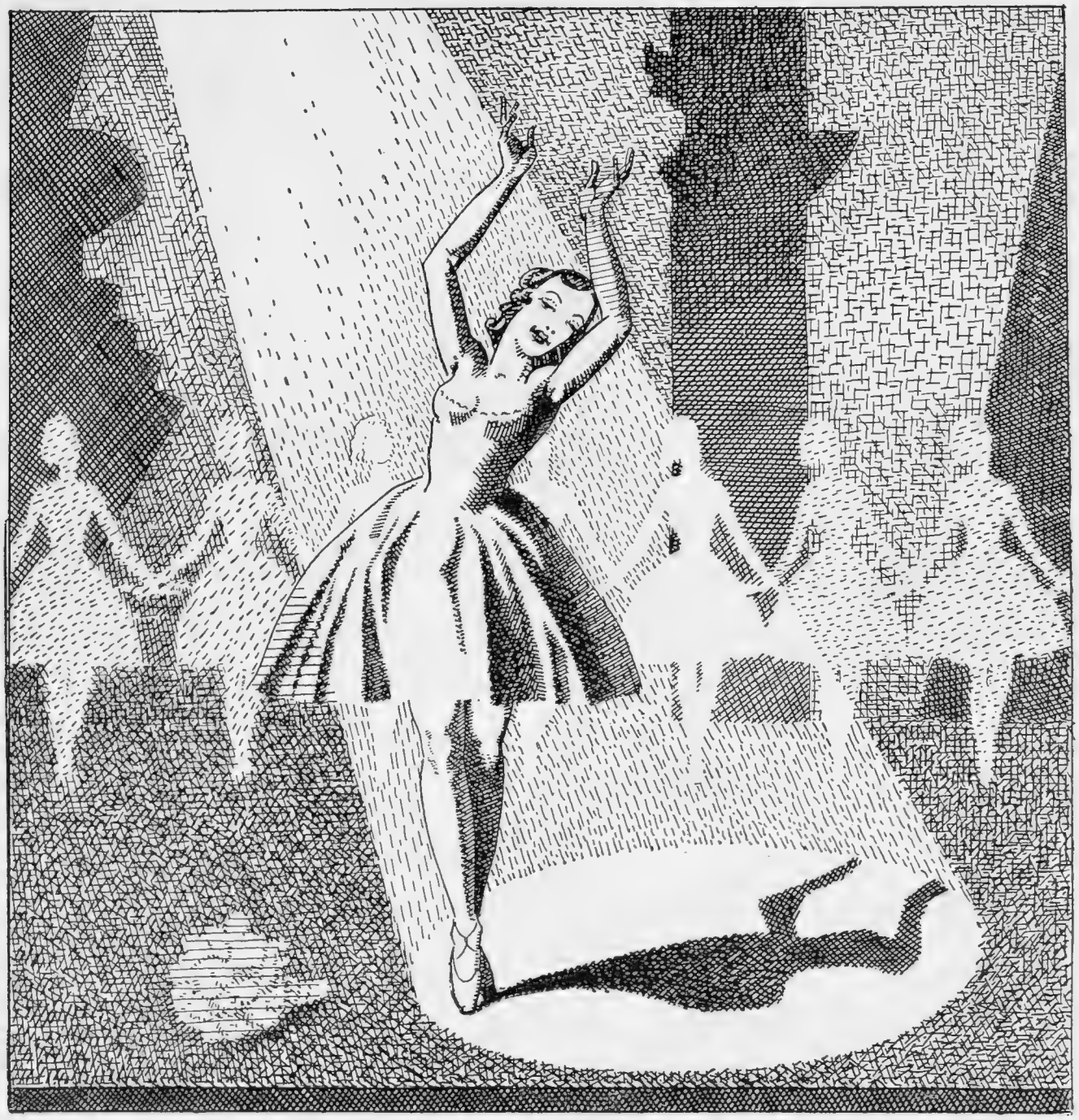

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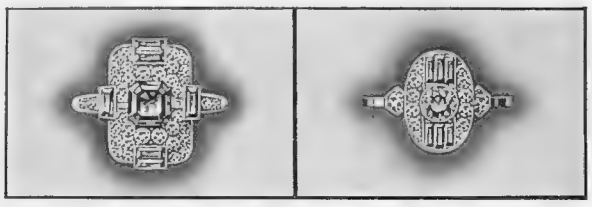

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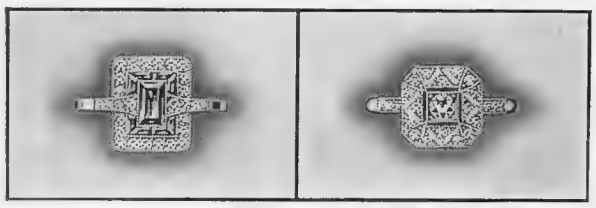

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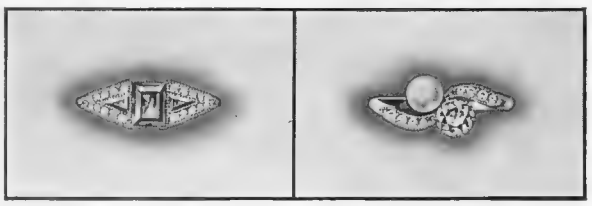

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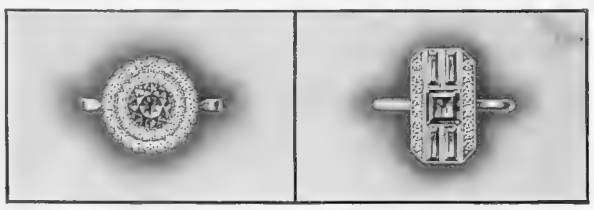

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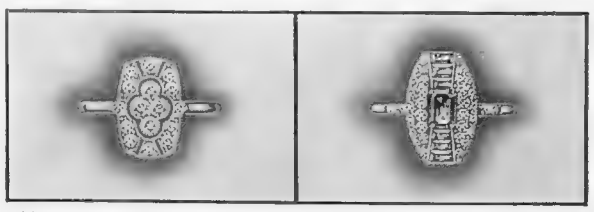

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THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 452)

many Armstrong-Siddeleys, and before long we shall probably see it, or something similar, on most other cars. It is a definite step of progress in design, and instead of being handicapped in events of this nature, it should be given encouragement as was the case in this rally. Although it is termed a fluid fly-wheel, it would be more correctly called a fluid-clutch. It has the charm of simplicity and the advantage of being automatic. It is difficult to single out any of the winners for particular mention, but no remarks on the rally would be complete without congratulating Colonel A. H. Loughborough, a true amateur, and the makers of his successful Lanchester car, on their well-deserved success.

Again I must pay tribute to the amazing results obtained by Riley cars. They literally swept the board in the smaller class, and what is more, succeeded in bringing in one of their larger models to a place of honour in the larger class. In "The Petrol World" I have on innumerable occasions sung the praises of the Riley car; the results of this rally more than confirm what some of my readers may have considered unduly optimistic remarks.

BODYWORK STANDARDS.—Of all the tasks which I had to perform as an official of the R.A.C. at Torquay the most difficult was that of acting as a judge in the coachwork competition. I am afraid that the public have become so accustomed to the words "Concours d'Elégance" that they were of the opinion that this coachwork competition was of a similar nature. If that was the case a very great mistake was made. Twenty marks were awarded for elegance and the same number for comfort; then in addition five marks were added for various other qualities, such as condition of body inside and outside, interesting gadgets, etc. In one of the classes in which I assisted as a judge the car that was the winner with the highest number of marks was well down the list for actual elegance, and I feel certain that the public at Torquay probably thought that I must have had a very weird eye for beauty in giving the award to the car that had proved itself the winner. I feel certain they did not realize that it was quite possible for a car looking like a hen-coop to come out on top in this particular competition. Of the cars that won their classes in this coachwork event I think particular praise is due to the Standard Motor Company for one of their saloons which, so far as I could see, was a perfectly standard job.

THE SALERNI COUPLING.—I referred at the beginning of these notes to the success of the fluid flywheel. In this connection I would like to point out that much of the success of the Riley cars in the small class was due to the fact that the winning car was fitted with a new hydraulic coupling invented by Commendatore Pietro Salerni, whose system of coal refining is at present being sponsored by Sir Eric Hambro, the well-known banker. Salerni's working day, I am told, is from four in the morning till midnight, and when he has worked on a new invention he stays in his room for as long as a fortnight at a time. This new coupling of his is the result of years of work, and though it is now perfected it is not yet fitted as standard on any car, but I shall be very much surprised if in twelve months' time I shall be able to make a similar statement and still be truthful.

FORD.—We are so accustomed to look upon the Ford motor-car as essentially a touring vehicle that it comes with a certain amount of surprise to learn that the recent Swedish Winter Grand Prix was won by a Ford car out of twenty-four entries. The average speed of the winner was 82 kilometres per hour over a circuit which crossed frozen lakes and followed winding ice-bound roads. So great were the difficulties that twelve of the competitors failed to complete the 370 kilometres course. Practically every well-known make of racing car was entered and the Ford was the lowest priced of any. This event was also won last year by a Ford car. There may be some of my readers who will think that this result was fantastic, but I would like to remind them that in 1903 Sir Malcolm Campbell's present record was held by a Ford car driven by Mr. Ford himself at a speed of 91.37 m.p.h.!

MINX.—Visitors to the various shows last autumn who examined the New Hillman Minx light car were probably unaware that their eyes rested on an entirely special show model. The actual production car is now coming through, and it shows that the real Minx is an even better looker, better performer, and the possessor of more unlooked-for qualities than the special show model to which I have made reference. The makers of the Minx refer to it as a car with "cushioned power." This scientific constructional feature, which concerns the engine suspension and the transmission, has the effect of damping out vibration and noise in a remarkable fashion. It is claimed, moreover, that it gives the occupants of the car the sensation of free-wheeling when the car is over-running the engine. This combined with the smoothness which a three bearing crankshaft can alone ensure, allows the Minx to run with an uncanny silence. I am informed by the makers that this light car has been designed and built specially for the roads of the world. Springing, ground clearance, large tyres, big capacity, electrical equipment, double drop frame with five rigid cross-members, and a good top gear performance, are all features incorporated in this chassis, which illustrates the great experience in overseas conditions which the Hillman Company has acquired.

SILENCE SAVES SUMMONS.—A warning is issued by the R.A.C. to motorists on the question of excessive noise in motor vehicles. Despite the very great improvement that has taken place in this respect during recent years, the police are still instituting proceedings in a very large number of cases in nearly all parts of the country. In the opinion of the R.A.C. there are very few—if any—modern motor-cars or cycles which can be regarded as noisy under normal conditions, but unfortunately there are cases where bad or inconsiderate driving does result is more noise than is necessary. This occurs principally when drivers are making "racing changes. This involves rapid acceleration on an intermediate gear and when carried out in confined spaces, can be objectionable. The question of what is and what is not excessive noise is a matter of opinion and not of fact and the R.A.C. advises drivers, therefore, to refrain from so handling their cars or motor cycles as to cause unnecessary noise and the consequent risk of a police summons.

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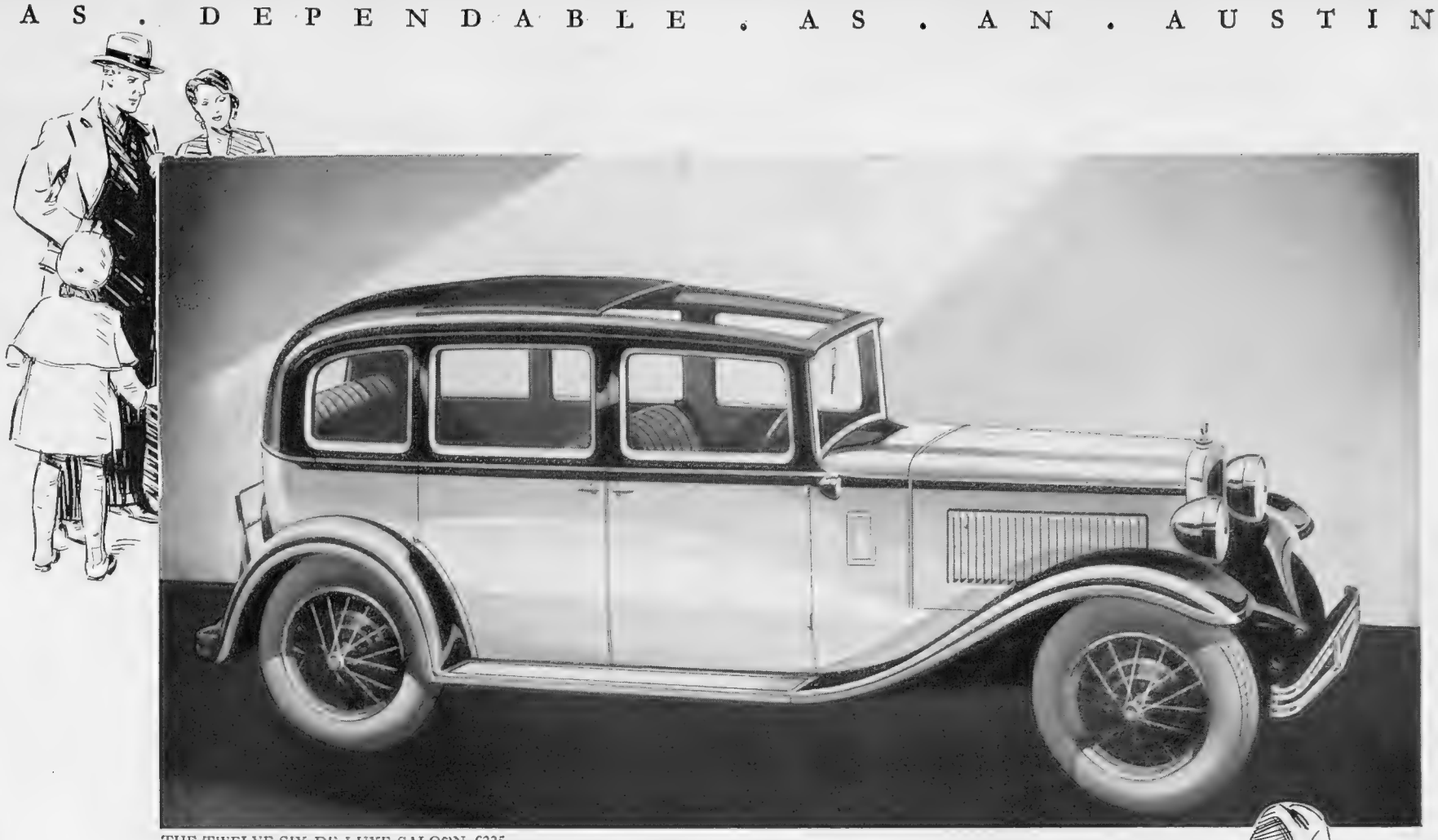

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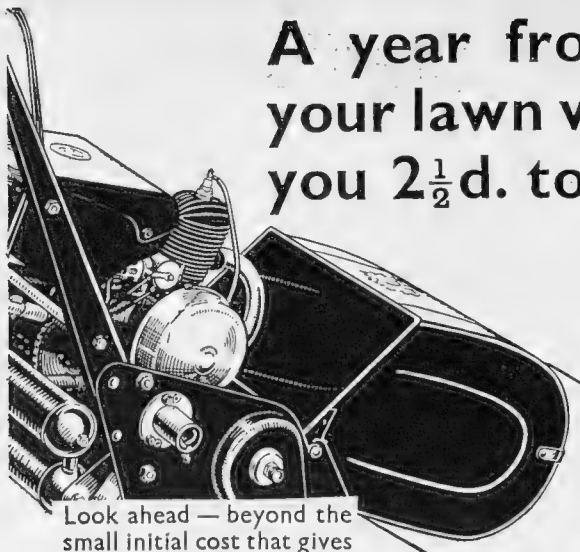

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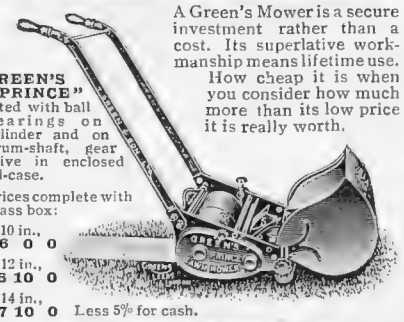

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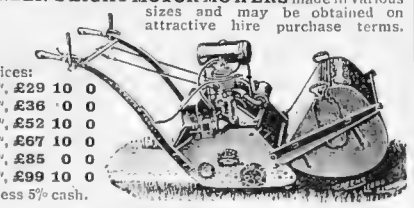

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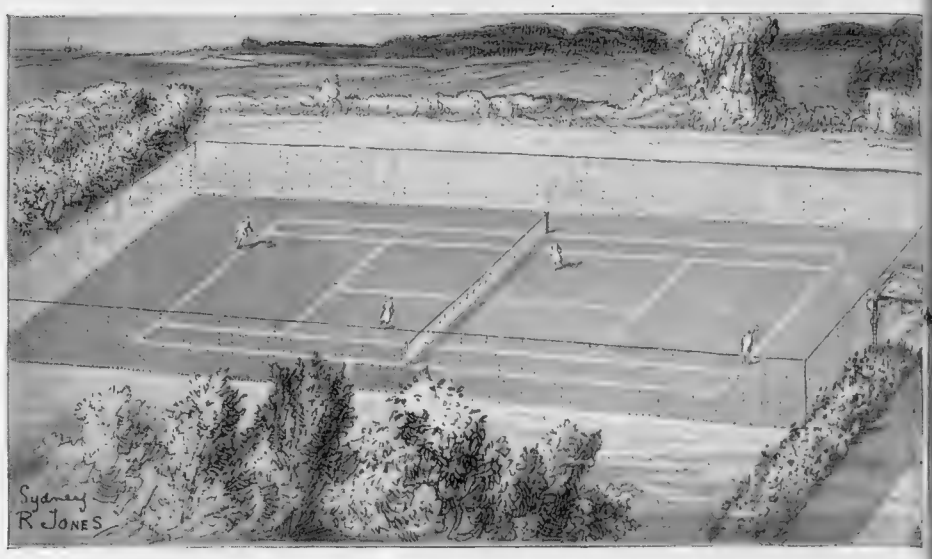

To the left of the tennis lawn is the orchard; to its immediate right the

+ PLANNING THE

And now, the house being built or bought, we come to the last best room of all, the garden—the outdoor room of the house. There is none that so well repays thoughtful design and furnishing as this; and none on which the initial outlay brings back a richer interest. For whether it be in fruit or flowers, in health or in the changing beauty of the seasons —a garden pours its constant stream of treasure into the life of home.

The golden rule of laying out a garden is to work to a plan; which means that a full measure of thoughtful intelligence must be rendered to the insatiable land before ever a spade breaks sod in it—sweat of brain as well as of body, and all worth while—the soil gives ever back a thousandfold that which it takes. A careful plan then; the outdoor room must have its green-fingered architect.

Where the garden is an old one to be remodelled there will surely be plenty of shelter hedges, but in bare new acres the first thing is to learn the direction of prevailing winds and build walls or plant hedges to keep them out. Walls are quickest and also the most expensive—they are indeed almost prohibitive these days, though for those who can afford them, a walled garden is a lovely possession, with its immediate protection against all winds and the opportunity it offers for ripening choice fruits on trees trained upon the warm and genial brick.

Without walls one makes shelter hedges of macrocarpa (best grown within reach of sea-spray) hornbeam, beech (as lovely in winter russet as summer green) yew, hawthorn, holly (if time is no object) and some there are who even still use greedy privet and laurel. Wattle makes an excellent temporary wind-break while the hedgesare growing; it not only protects the garden at large but gives the young hedge material peace and quiet in which to grow quickly and take good roothold.

Within these sheltering walls come one by one the pleasant features which make a garden. An orchard is the next matter of importance because time is here of the utmost value—fruit trees take some time to come into bearing, and the sooner they yield their harvest to table and store cupboard the better for the house they serve. An acre of orchard will give room for seventy-five standard trees planted twenty-four feet apart (that is the minimum distance to be advised), if bush trees are planted or even pyramid, twelve feet apart is correct.

In the orchard it is profitable to run poultry, or (to be very up-to-date) a squab-house or two to rear the delicious carneaux squabs for the table; larger and more buttery than quail, and the least of trouble to keep.

If the orchard sub-soil is chalk cherries will thrive; the good-hearted pears will grow on almost any garden soil, and apples like to find a rich loam land warm and sooth, but not too dry. Plums and damsons do well on heavier land.

In choosing varieties for a home orchard it is easy to supply the table over an extended period, as for instance in greengages by planting Early Transparent, the Old Greengage and Orpington Prolific. One may gather gages off the trees from late August into early November and the same with the other fruits (except quince, medlar and mulberry.) It was the fashion in my youth to grow Jargonelle for the early pearcrop but nowadays the great Laxton Superb has brought its fragrant lusciousness to supersede the small sweet Jargonelle. And so with all the orchard choice; the newer fruits are of a mellifluence, worthy of most careful consideration before the fateful order is sent to the nurseryman for the young trees under whose spreading boughs children's children will bless the garden-maker's good taste.

Ryders SEEDS

New and old customers are ordering generously this season. The phrase—

HEAVEN for TWOPENCE

was used by one of our customers on seeing a bed of flowers raised from one of our 2d. packets. You will have a like experience if you sow RYDERS SEEDS. Practically all seeds, even the choicest varieties in 2d. packets.

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RYDER & SON (1920) Ltd., St. Albans

OF "THE SPHERE"

Drawn by SYDNEY R. JONES

Terrace with its pergola; while behind the house is the kitchen garden

GARDEN +

By MARION CRAN
(Author of "The Garden Register," "Gardens of the New World," etc.)

Facing full south half an acre kitchen garden planned with unstinted care will grow the best possible small fruits, herbs and vegetables; the permanent subjects, such as raspberries and asparagus which (once well set on deeply-dug, well-drained and well-manured soil) stand for a lifetime, are worth a deal of toil! Space for rotating crops must be allowed in the design, as well as a greenhouse, tool-shed and potting-shed; places for compost, leaf-mould, sand, turf, manure, burnt soil, bonfire and other heaps dear to the gardener. In the planning of the kitchen garden potherbs, like chives, parsley, thyme, sage, chervil etc., will be found to make charming and useful path edgings; far more practical than espalier or standard fruit trees which are better accommodated in an orchard than, as too often, in the kitchen garden where peas, beans, strawberries, root crops etc., require their full measure of sunlight and soil food.

In an accompanying illustration, the hard tennis court is placed in easy access of the transverse passage-way of the house. A pergola leads directly to the court. The planning is obviously that of a tennis enthusiast. Others prefer to place a hard tennis court, or courts, in the region of orchard and kitchen garden. A clever surround of flowering trees and shrubs, with a nicely designed little grandstand and a tea "pavilion" in exquisite miniature greatly help to frame the hard courts appropriately in a garden.

The actual size to allow for a doubles court is 78 ft. by 36 ft. and to that must be added a spacious surround, and accommodation for the audience which gives such zest to the game. I have known people to make their own hard court, but remain of opinion that it is the wiser economy to hand the job over to a good firm and be done with it. Grass courts are much more easy and come within the garden proper.

Most people like more than one form of garden sport and find clock-golf, croquet or archery pleasant games of skill and more gentle exercise than tennis; others have "sun-parlours" in the garden though they are not so common in this misty isle of ours as the open-air swimming pools which are a feature of every good American or South African garden. Sun-bathing in Britain is an unreliable affair.

Around the house comes the luminous joy of the flower gardens, best planned so that from every window the eye may travel into a vista. Here, from lawn to lily-pool and away to the rose-garden beyond; there, down a long ride of green lawn flanked with wide herbaceous borders; and there again, to a peony, an iris, or some other specialist garden, as the owners taste and the soil dictate; while the spring garden, the rock garden and the winter garden each have their viewpoint from the house to beckon the ardent and beguile the lazy out-of-doors.

The lily-pool, Dutch canal and other water gardens are well-known and oft described; but the winter garden is a comparatively modern idea, and is for those who winter in their own land. It is a paved court in full south sunshine, dry to the feet and generally close to the house, with a birds' feeding-table and bathing pool—where bloom in the open the beloved winter flowers; heather, crocuses, irises, the persistent "fairy" rose, fragrant viburnum, winter honeysuckle, daphnes, the winter cherries and such sweet things—there is a noble list of them to be had for the asking. And the Winter Garden leads to the Spring Garden, where over scapes of hepatica, aconite and snowdrops, crocus and daffodil, trillium, erythroniums and windflowers under rosy plumelets of the larch and flushing sallies, we turn to meet again the yearly joy-thrust of the rising sap.

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A group of the boys who would be destitute were it not for the Barnardo establishments

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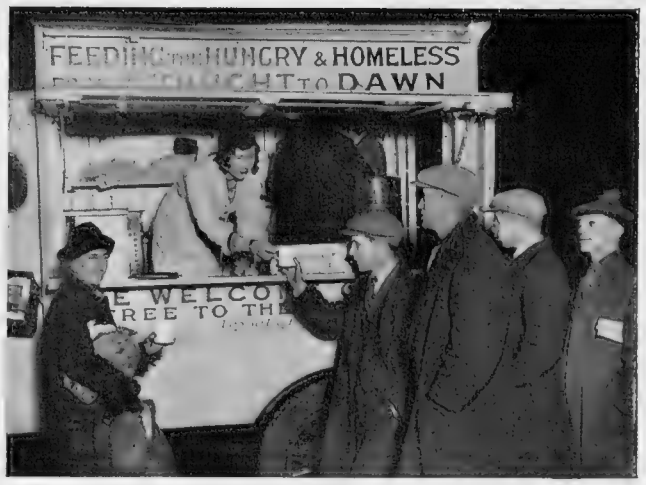
There are never less than 8,000 children in the Barnardo Family. More than 24,000 meals have to be provided *every day* all the year round for this host of hungry children. The wear and tear of boots and shoes, to take only one item in the family budget, is a serious affair. The boys in the Barnardo shoemaker's shop mend 800 pairs every week in addition to making many new pairs. For many years to come the Homes will be responsible for feeding, clothing, educating, and training all these children for a useful sphere in life. Ceaselessly throughout the year the ministrations on behalf of these 8,000 children must go on. Donations should be sent to the Lord Ebbisham, hon. treasurer, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18–26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

THE HEALERS

There will be an extra and a special glow of Easter happiness, we imagine, in the heart of any man or woman who has made some little sacrifice to assist the Cancer Hospital in its work of healing. It has a spendid record, not only of devoted healing and nursing work, but in the vitally important service of cancer research. It has extensive (and expensive) plans for making radium treatment available to the poorest, and we heartily commend to our readers' generosity the appeal now being made for £70,000 to pay off the outstanding cost of the new wing. No cause is more urgent or more deserving. The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3.



Mercy to the Down and Outs—a vignette of the little-known night-life of the great metropolis

A camera study by Sasha of the despairing streets in which, were it not for the work of Charity, misery, want, and vice would reign supreme

ISOLATION

There are more than 4,000 deaf and dumb in London, and consequently the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb has to provide centres in various districts. It has now established five centres of its own, and it also hires mission halls and rooms in various other localities. At these centres the association provides Divine services, conducted in the language understood by the deaf and dumb, and also organizes clubs for recreation and social intercourse, lectures, scout patrols and girl guides, football and cricket teams, and all the various activities of the ordinary church club. In addition, the deaf come to these centres for assistance to obtain employment and advice in difficulties and help in distress. The staff interpret whenever any difficulty arises between the deaf and the hearing. Donations will be gratefully received at the head office—413, Oxford Street.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

It is not only the unnatural crime of inveterate vice but the very natural crime of ignorance which the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has to controvert. No fewer than 259 "children's men" are employed, bringing relief to an average of 300 cases per day who are menaced by brutality, cruelty, or stupidity. Donations will be gratefully received by Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Hon. Treasurer, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2.

HELP FOR THE NEEDY

This district of Hoxton has long stood a synonym for a symbol of poverty, and it is to redress that evil balance that the Hoxton Market Christian Mission has been established. An Easter appeal is being made for clothing, food, money, or "anything" that may alleviate the lot of those unfortunates who are destitute even in that area. Donations should be sent to Walter Scoles, President, at Hoxton Market, London, N. 1.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

WANTED—EASTER EGGS. The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are finding it very difficult to secure the funds so necessary to keep going their work of giving a home and education to their very large family of 1,100 boys and girls. Will readers of THE SPHERE who have a love for children send a gift for Easter? Money is badly wanted, but Easter Gifts in any shape or form will be greatly welcomed. Please send gifts to General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

EASTER APPEALS.

The illustration is of the new wing of The Cancer Hospital, built at a cost of approximately £150,000. It comprises a new Radiological Department and accommodation — now provided for the first time—for Patients who can contribute towards their cost.

Please Help—

The Cancer Hospital, which was founded so far back as 1851, is the first special Hospital in London for Cancer, and indeed for many years it was the only Hospital in London which existed solely for the treatment of Cancer and to research into its causes and possible cure. The Hospital is staffed by eminent specialists in both branches of its work. All known treatments are carried out with the aid of the very latest appliances and the Hospital has to its credit a long and honourable record of successful work.

In addition to the accommodation for operable cases in the early stages of the disease, a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

Please send a special Easter Gift to the Secretary.

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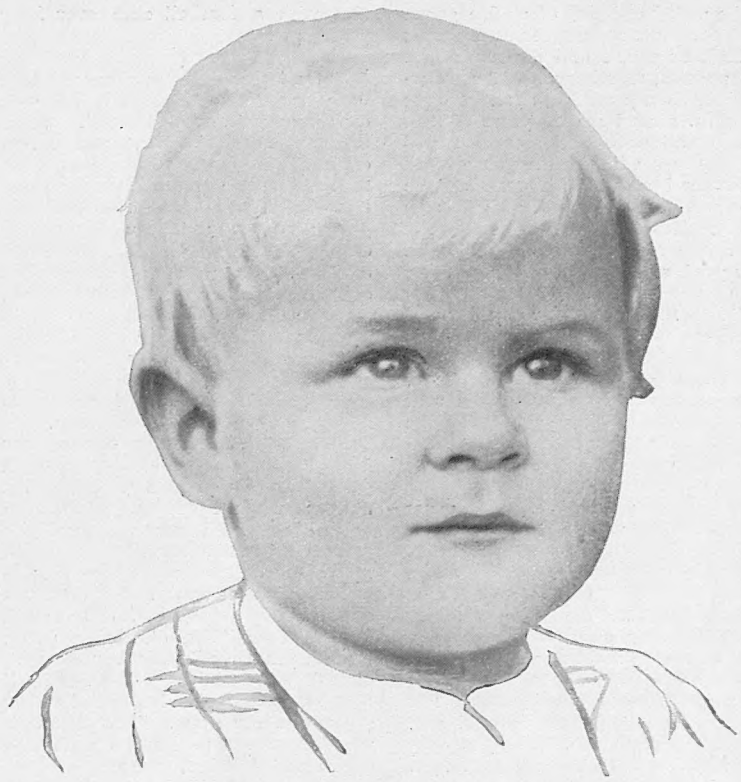

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24,000 meals have to be provided daily.

Please send

AN EASTER GIFT of 10/-

to help the Homes to carry on their work among the Nation's orphan and destitute little ones.

111,500 children already admitted.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

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All shades of opinion are one in vital matters of child welfare.

To the neglected little waif, the cruelly treated, or the helpless young victim of sheer ignorance, the wise educative work of the N.S.P.C.C.

means Justice, Love and a Fair Chance in Life

Thousands of young lives are benefited every year.

The Society needs the goodwill and support of all who love little children and who have the well-being of the nation at heart.

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A Tragedy of Isolation

TO be without Hearing and Speech is to be as a stranger in one's own land; the main avenue of approach is closed.

There are more than 5,000 Deaf and Dumb within its area.

The Royal Association in aid of the

DEAF & DUMB

not only provides intellectual and material benefit but embraces the SPIRITUAL WELL-BEING of those so sadly afflicted.

Through its work, it is changing depression and despair into hope and happy usefulness; poverty and unemployment into self-support and self-respect.

Please send an Easter Gift to-day to GRAHAM W. SIMES, Secretary, 413, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DUBLIN'S DRUM OF DESTINY

(Continued from p. 425)

The mail bag is full of choice gems, Here are some taken at random: "Enclosed please find the sum of £5. five pounds, together with 12 counterfoils for Sweep on National. I hope I shall win, as I am 50 years of age, 6 feet, and weight 24 stone. I will not put my wife in this time until I see how I get out of it myself. She weighs about 21 stone and is also 6 feet, takes 22 inches in a collar the same size as I do; she has also a very good understanding as she takes 10 in boots . . . ."

"It is the feeling of great joy and happiness when reading your letter's contents. In which a paragraph said that I will laugh back at my friends, who was since I sent you the said 10s. they were still laughing at me up to this date. The greatest shame is, They used to ask me in public Street. Said as follows: How many £100,000,000 millions have you got in Dublin for your 10s. cubon? At the same time all laughed and Shout. Through this shameful deeds I fought them on the 8th inst. Which caused a great matter, and three Police men came and marched us to Police Station, where Inspector their master advised me never to be vexed for them for nobody knows to-morrow. For being hope on you, my dear friends, I leave the matter so. Think it over and make it ture for me to laugh. . . . ."

A cable received from a remote country on the day of the draw read as follows: "Stop the Draw until I receive a receipt for my 10s."

A native of Fifeshire, sending for some tickets for the Derby, evidently felt that his rash plunge needed some justification, so he added to his letter this P.S.: "I was lucky at a prize drawing which took place in connection with a football club over forty years ago!"

But all this digression cannot take away from the fact of the wild excitement all over Ireland. Even the St. Patrick's Day celebrations could not do this. Lord Powerscourt tells me that practically every small town in Ireland has had at least one £100 prize, and that is what the Irish chiefly look forward to. Although optimistic by nature, they do not expect for a moment to draw a horse, and if they did, they would be rather scared about the problem of whether or not they should sell a share of it, if they could. The £100 paid over the counter is a very different thing. It represents a fortune to the majority of them.

In Dublin on the day of the draw I was given a piece of chewing-gum when I tried to buy a pencil, and a nail file when I tried to purchase a tooth-brush. Charming apologies greeted the realization of the mistake. A cross-eyed newspaper boy tried to sell me a newspaper. I told him that I would buy all he had if I drew a horse. "Sure," he said, confidentially, "when yez come by this way at eight o'clock yez will be buying the lot." For everybody in Ireland has an interest in the draw. The chauffeur who drove me to Portmarnock had one complete ticket, two halves, three eighths, and nine quarters. The telephone girl at my hotel had five tickets. The barman at Jammet's had three. My caddy had a quarter share. The employees at the Capitol Cinema had paid in 6d. a week so that they were able to buy a block of eighty. One of the taxicab drivers who took me to the Plaza had five tickets. And so it goes on. Well, the draw is over, may the best horse win.

BOOKS—(Continued from p. 442)

France and Italy. There is a most powerful and life-like portrait of Mussolini in action, under the name of Capponi. The strength of this book lies in its author's ability to make his figures more than puppets. He succeeds in making Capponi a real force. We are made to appreciate the motives of his aggressive Fascism. We follow breathlessly the coming and going of the ambassadors and ministers in consultation. We are made to appreciate the subtleties, the machinations, the sincerity and insincerity of these men struggling to preserve the balance of power even while they juggle with mob mania. The canvas is a vast and crowded one. I can recall no political novel which succeeds so well in conveying the movement of world destiny. It is intensely exciting, with great drama and pathos, and really intelligent treatment on a high plane of diplomatic and political life. There is a terrifying picture of Europe in ruin at the close: "The sun came up flaming red from the Adriatic. The stench of corpses rose to meet it. Milan Cathedral had become a mountainous pile of marble ruins above a sea of poison gas. No one could tell who or what lay beneath—groaning, dying."

In few families has a high literary tradition been so strongly upheld as in that of the Trevelyans. It is somewhat puzzling to preserve their right order and achievements. There has been Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the son of Sir Charles Trevelyan, the biographer and nephew of Macaulay, and there is George Macaulay Trevelyan, like his father an O.M. and an historian. It is this last Trevelyan who has given us this memoir of his father, *Sir George Otto Trevelyan, O.M.*, by George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M., and the book, fittingly enough, follows tradition and comes from Longmans (12s. 6d. net). There is nothing very new or revealing in this well-written memoir of the historian. There are some letters from Macaulay, a picture of the old Indian days, and then down the stream of time we follow a long life divided between letters and politics. Few men could ask and receive more from life than the late Sir George. A happy marriage through sixty years, success in the two fields he strove in, and a tranquil death at ninety, complete the record so pleasantly narrated in this memoir.

CONVICTS

(Cont. from p. 431)

Prisoners should be paid wages, and the difficulty of disposing of prison-made goods on the open market tackled. "To-day we release men with a few shillings, and they come back and cost many pounds. They should profit from their work."

Physical training and just enough food, but no more, are essentials.

Prison personnel must be hand-picked for its unique mission.

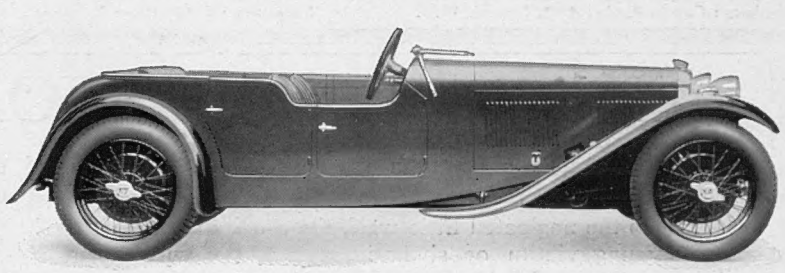
I have been sifting here and there from Dartmoor Thoughts.

The reformers' general view is: "During the past thirty years there has not been much opportunity for practical advance though theoretical advance has been very great. Now is the time to put some of these ideas into force."

The International Labour Bureau is wrapped up in the problem of *the task*. How shall prison work and wages be reconciled with Trade Unionism? Also, the I.L.P. is keen that some system should be evolved by which men, while in prison, are enabled to support their families, instead of allowing these to slip into destitution to become public charges; convicts should even be compelled to labour in order that the product of their work may be translated into restitution to injured parties.

Yet who shall say that prison production is to be encouraged in these days of machine saturation of every market? Who shall import prison-made goods from other countries, particularly where suspicion prevails of unjust, even brutal, treatment in the gaols involved? If each country reports that its régime is humane, who is to check that? The clash of free and penal labour is only commencing. It is one of the many problems we are posing in relation to the prisons of to-morrow. Meanwhile, changes all cost money.

ALVIS



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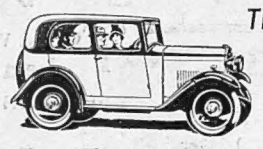

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Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 Gns.**

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In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

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Sir Edward
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"Let's have a cocktail"

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Sir Edward : "Money! What on earth do you want it for at Sandown? I'm quite sure you don't owe any to the 'bookies.'"

Lady Angela : "Don't be foolish! Of course not; but I'm going to try the 'Tote' to-day, and you know it's all cash."

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Douglas Stuart

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